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FEBRUARY

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

1942



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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

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PORTRAIT OF A MEXICAN GIRL

*Painted by an Unknown 19th-Century Artist.
Loaned by the National Museum, Mexico City,
to the Museum of Modern Art, New York City*

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

FEBRUARY • 1942

GOOD NEIGHBORS AND OLD FRIENDS

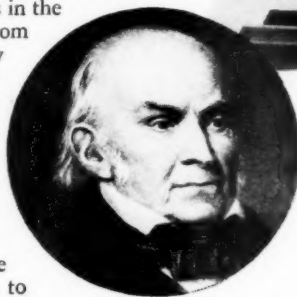
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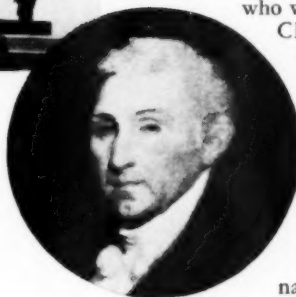
AS THIS is written, American sailors are manning the guns of great warships in the Pacific, ready for action against the enemy who attacked the United States treacherously one morning while "peace" talks were still continuing in Washington. American marines are defending the tiny islands lost in the immense, blue Pacific. American soldiers are fighting like heroes in the Philippines. And from one end of the New World to the other—from Point Barrow in Alaska to Cape Horn down in the cold, gray Antarctic seas—the nations of the two Americas have extended a hand to Uncle Sam, the hand of a friend who wants to help. "Good Neighbors," indeed. But is this something new? Let's turn back the clock more than a hundred years and watch a little scene in the city of Washington.

On a winter afternoon in 1817 the door of Secretary of State John Quincy Adams's office opened and an assistant said, "Mr. Secretary, Señor Aguirre is here."

"Show him in, please," replied Mr. Adams, rising to meet his



STATUE OF JOSÉ DE SAN MARTÍN, LIBERATOR OF ARGENTINA, CHILE, AND PERU, WHO WAS AIDED IN SECURING A NAVY BY SECRETARY OF STATE JOHN QUINCY ADAMS (LEFT) AND PRESIDENT MONROE



*North and South America are united by more than the isthmus of Panama—by long friendship and mutual contributions to each other's well-being—
The first of two articles by*

CARLOS J. VIDELA

visitor. Don Manuel H. Aguirre appeared in the doorway, bowed courteously, and came to meet the American Secretary of State in the center of the large room. They shook hands and sat down to talk of a very delicate mission.

Mr. Adams had known for some time that Señor Aguirre, a special representative of the far-away United Provinces of the River Plate (now the Argentine Republic) was coming to Washington.

General José de San Martín, who was then fighting in Chile against the Spanish armies in the war of South American independence, had written him a letter announcing the visit of the special envoy. General San Martín needed a navy to take his army to Peru. That was what Señor Aguirre had come to discuss.

San Martín had crossed the huge Andes mountains from Argentina to Chile the year before, and in his army many Americans were fighting. Secretary Adams had sent a confidential agent to South America, Mr. W. D. Worthington, and he had met General San Martín in Chile and had talked with him about the war, the Americans in the patriot army, and future plans.



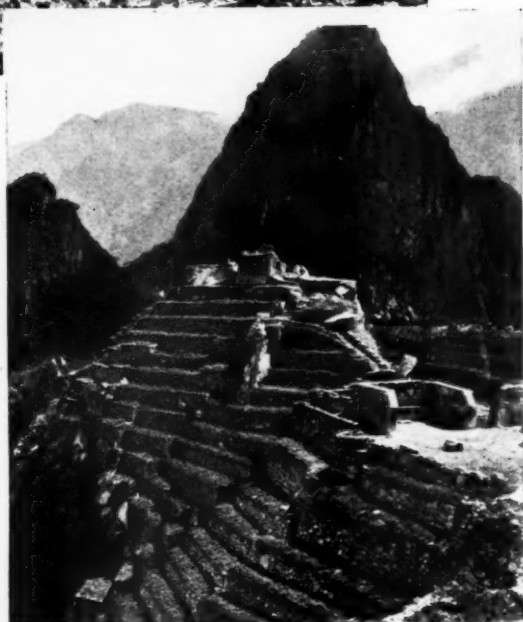
Photograph by Ewing Galloway

THE FAMOUS STATUE OF THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES, ON THE SUMMIT OF A PASS BETWEEN ARGENTINA AND CHILE, IS A MEMORIAL TO A BOUNDARY DISPUTE BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES WHICH WAS SETTLED WITHOUT WARFARE

RIGHT: RIO DE JANEIRO IS SPECTACULAR IN ITS SETTING OF BOLD MOUNTAINS AND SEA



BELOW, RIGHT: IN CONTRAST TO THE MODERN CITY OF RIO IS THE PRE-INCA CITY OF REFUGE, MACHU PICCHU, IN THE LOFTY MOUNTAINS OF PERU



Photograph by the Grace Line

she could prevent the South Americans from getting the vessels. The Spanish diplomats in Washington were doing all they could to block the plans of Señor Aguirre and make it impossible for San Martín to get any assistance here. But all these intrigues came to nothing. President Monroe and Secretary Adams decided to give the struggling Argentines and Chileans the help they so greatly needed, and permitted Señor Aguirre to go ahead and buy the ships he wanted.

In Boston the South American agent was introduced to George Green, a prominent merchant. From this American, the United Provinces of the River Plate bought the frigates *Horatius* and *Curvatus*, and these vessels, added to the frigate *Cumberland* bought in London, became the nucleus of the first ocean-going South American navy, flying the flag of Argentina and manned by American officers and men.

Both the American volunteer soldiers who had gone all those thousands of miles to help in the fight for South America's freedom from the Crown of Spain, and the American sailors who took those ships through the terrific storms off Cape Horn, established the first bonds of friendship between the United States and South America.

From those times to these days American ships and American

"If only I had a navy," San Martín had told Mr. Worthington, "this army that you see here could go north to Peru and make all of South America free."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Worthington, "if Your Excellency sent someone to Washington, the American Government might be willing to help you."

And so Señor Aguirre had come to Washington, after a long voyage by sea from Buenos Aires that took nearly two months. He had letters of introduction for President James Monroe, for Secretary of State Adams, and for several other prominent Americans.

For two hours Mr. Adams and Señor Aguirre talked, while snow fell on the streets of Washington. A servant came in and lit the candles, for it was beginning to grow dark. Then the South American arose, shook hands warmly, and exclaimed, "Thank you, Mr. Secretary. For seven years now we have been fighting for independence. Thousands of our men have died in the war, but now, if the American Government helps us, we know that it will not be long before we are free."

From Buenos Aires Señor Aguirre had brought 200,000 pesos to buy ships in the United States, but Spain was doing everything

sailors have brought to Latin America Uncle Sam's message of friendliness. Not always in time of war. On the contrary, whenever there was a mission of mercy to perform, the ships of the United States Navy have been there.

Twenty-two years ago, in 1919, a great epidemic of yellow fever broke out in the little Central American republic of Honduras. In the city of Amapala scores of people were dying. There were not enough doctors. Medicines were lacking. Hospitals were overcrowded, and men and women were desperate. The U. S. cruiser *Chicago* went to Amapala and landed doctors, sailors, medicines, and equipment to fight the terrible disease. Day and night those men worked to bring the outbreak under control. Finally the epidemic was beaten and a grateful people gave thanks to the unselfish men of the United States Navy who came to their aid.

Four years later, in 1923, a great catastrophe hit Chile, the long, thin country that lies between the Andes mountains and the blue Pacific in South America. The earth shook. Hundreds of houses crumbled, killing thousands of men, women, and children. Great cracks opened in the streets and flames and smoke poured through them. And then, when the panic-stricken people were frantically trying to save their loved ones trapped in the ruins, a huge tidal wave came from the ocean, like a moving mountain of water. It struck the coast with terrific force, smashing boats, piers, and houses. It crept upon the land and ran ashore, sweeping everything in its path. When finally its force spent itself, more thousands lay dead. For miles and miles there was ruin and desolation. Food stores had disappeared, either carried away by the angry waters or burned by the flames. Tens of thousands of people stood in the open, without shelter, stunned by the tragedy, hungry, wounded, or sick.

Among the first to arrive with food, medicines, blankets, doctors, and other help were the ships of the United States Navy. American sailors helped their Chilean comrades to keep order, to distribute clothing and medicines, and to pass food to the needy. American doctors went ashore to help in preventing outbreaks of typhus and in caring for the wounded and maimed. Again a grateful people turned out in their sorrow to express their appreciation to their friends from the north.

Seven years passed, and in 1930 there was another terrible

earthquake, this time in the Dominican Republic (Santo Domingo). Once more the warships flying the Stars and Stripes went to the scene of desolation and helped in the rescue work. Hardly had this tragedy taken place when the earth trembled in Nicaragua. The underground noise became louder and louder, until it sounded like thunder. Then, in the city of Managua, the capital, walls shook, cracked, and fell down on the streets. Roofs collapsed and crushed people in homes, shops, and offices. And while this was happening, the earth opened up as in Chile and great tongues of flame spurted and set the city on fire. When finally the tremors stopped and the fires could be brought under control, two thousand people were dead.

The U. S. aircraft carrier *Lexington* was in the Caribbean Sea at the time, and the hospital ship *Relief* was off Lower California. Immediately the order went forward to them from the Navy Department to rush to Nicaragua and help. Both vessels proceeded at full speed toward the Central American republic. Landing parties carried food and medicine ashore. Sailors and marines helped the local authorities to keep order and to clear up the streets. American doctors and nurses took care of the sick and wounded. At the port of Corinto the *Relief* landed medical supplies, tents, and cots. The U. S. ships *Salinas* and *Rochester* brought (Continued on page 40)

Photograph by Eving Galloway



Photograph by the Grace Line

THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS IN SANTIAGO DE CHILE IS A BEAUTIFUL BUILDING ENHANCED BY TROPICAL PALMS

LEFT: SAILORS FROM THE ARGENTINE NAVY MARCH IN THE STREETS OF BUENOS AIRES—A FAR CRY FROM THE DAY WHEN SOUTH AMERICAN NAVAL VESSELS WERE MANNED BY SAILORS FROM THE U. S. A.

A Amizade MEANS

Ann learned the meaning of those words during carnival time in Rio de Janeiro

ANN GATES lolled back against her pillows and clasped her arms under her head while she looked about Paula Oliveira's room. It was not so different from her own room at home, except for the figure of the Blessed Virgin gazing placidly down at her from the dressing table. In many of her friends' rooms back home just such little statues kept guard, and so even that detail was scarcely strange.

Outside the window, however, the world looked strange indeed. Where a willow would have been trailing its bare branches in a wintry wind, a pepper tree turned up its dark foliage to show red and green pods in a hot, tropical breeze. Ann fairly hugged herself as she whispered, "I'm here!"

She had not meant to speak aloud, but almost instantly Paula Oliveira's lids lifted as a doll's might; and as a doll's, the big brown eyes stared blankly at the girl in the other twin bed. Then they filled with sudden comprehension. "Ann! Ann Gá-tes!"

Last winter in New York, when the two had first met, Paula had just started to learn English and she had made two syllables of Ann's surname. Now it was a joke between them. She leaned across the narrow space and pinched Ann's arm.

"Ouch," exclaimed Ann, as Paula cried delightedly, "You're real!"

"Of course I am!" Ann rubbed her arm ruefully.

"When did you come?" Paula wriggled herself up against the headboard. "You might at least have let me know you were coming. Is that any way to treat a friendship?"

Ann smiled as she answered, "I didn't know I was coming myself until mid-terms. Then they closed the Towers. For a month. Did you ever hear such luck?"

"Why did they?"

"Measles. It was running like wildfire through the lower school. Dad had to make his regular mid-winter trip to Brazil—" Ann drew a deep breath—"and the night before he was to leave, *bang* went the school doors in my face. So he brought home a big, long, yellow steamship ticket for me—and here I am."

"Then that's whom Papa was meeting last night," Paula cried. "Why didn't he tell me, I wonder?"

"He thought he was meeting only Dad. They had some business. We were planning to stay at a hotel, but we docked late—after midnight—and the hotels are jam-packed because of—"

"Carnival!" squealed Paula, flinging back the covers and hopping about frantically, searching with her toes for slippers while she jerked a scarlet housecoat over her pajamas. "Lying in bed, this morning of all mornings!" She scooted into the hall and came back almost immediately. "They're all down at breakfast but us. Oh, why didn't they call me?"

Ann was also out of bed; she opened her dressing case and drew from it a long blue robe to wrap around herself. "It's probably because of me," she said contritely. "They thought I'd be tired."

"I was dead tired, myself," Paula explained, popping in and out of the bathroom as she dressed. "Hours I spent helping Júlio and Henrique—they are my brothers, you know—decorating the car. Wait until you see it! Green palms and yellow paper orchids, the Brazilian national colors. So lovely!" She paused to stare at Ann, as a sudden thought struck her. "You'll ride in the back with me, I suppose, in the parade."

"Are you sure you want me to ride in the car?" Ann paused in brushing her teeth. "I could watch. It's just as much fun to watch a parade, I should think, as to be in one."

"Oh, no! I wouldn't miss being in the Carnival parade for a million *milreis*," cried Paula. "Have you a green or yellow dress?"

"Not here," Ann said. "My trunk probably won't come up from the dock on Sunday, will it?"

"Not on Carnival Sunday, that's sure," laughed Paula. "Let's see if anything I have will fit you. I'm wearing yellow." She lifted a fluffy organdie, with big bows of dark green tied at shoulders and waist, from its hanger and began wriggling into it. "It's a costume, that's why it's so fancy. On my hair I'm wearing—oh, wait until you see!" She



FRIENDSHIP

by MARGARET

THOMSEN RAYMOND

Illustrated by

FRANK DOBIAS

looked up and down the rows of dresses and shook her head. "We'll ask Mamma at breakfast. Put on anything now. Your housecoat will do."

"Oh, no, I'd rather wear a dress," Ann said, shyly. "I've never met your Mother or your brothers, you know." She shook out a white linen she had worn on the steamer. "I should have hung this up last night, but it's supposed to be non-crushable."

"Never mind, come on," said Paula impatiently, jiggling in the doorway, "or Henrique will go without us."

"Oh, he wouldn't!" The two girls were on the stairs now, its iron grillwork curving gracefully between a pair of columns and ending at a patio, its flower beds and fountain and bright-tiled floor open to the tropical blue of the sky above.



Paula was familiar with its beauty and did not pause for Ann to exclaim over it.

"Good morning, Senhorita," said Senhor Oliveira-Penteado, rising from his place and greeting Ann. It made her feel grown-up. She looked about for her own father, and her host answered her glance. "Senhor Gates—" he almost gave it an extra syllable, too—"left early. Some letter of business demanding his presence."

Ann was undismayed; at home she was quite used to coming in after school to find a note on her dressing table, telling her that her father was "off for a few days on business," and giving her a hotel address somewhere. Though it was different here, among strangers.

"I told him," Senhor Oliveira was saying, "nobody does business these three days of Carnival, but he must go just the same. These *Norteamericanos*!"

A stout, motherly woman at the head of the table interrupted with a few words in Portuguese, and immediately Senhor Oliveira was introducing Ann, contrite for his negligence. This lady was, of course, Senhora Oliveira. She smiled at Ann and spoke her name as she motioned to an empty chair beside herself. Júlio, the younger brother, slender and darker of skin and eyes than Paula, jumped up to help Ann into it. Henrique, a serious young man, about twenty Ann thought, bowed gravely as he set down his coffee cup and immediately passed her a dish heaped with ripe black figs, immense red grapes, and bananas pink-fleshed and sun-ripened to a luscious sweetness. The cup of coffee the mother poured for her was black. Ann would have liked cream, but no one else used cream so she heaped two spoonfuls of sugar into her cup as Paula did, and exclaimed with her first sip, "I never tasted such marvelous coffee."

Papa Oliveira beamed and Paula laughed, "You said the right thing to win his heart, Ann. This coffee comes from our own plantation."

Júlio interrupted to ask his sister something in his own tongue, and Paula glanced toward Ann with a worried frown. "It's about the costume for the parade." She spoke rapidly to her mother. Poor Ann! Everyone's eyes were staring at her. Senhor Oliveira said, "I think she looks charming in that white dress."

"But, Papa, I'm supposed to be the Spirit of the Brazilian Tropical Forests. Henrique planned it so."

"And our guest represents your friendship." He looked with kindly eyes at Ann. "We are stressing friendship with the North Americans these days."

"I know," said Ann, thinking hard. All she had with her was this white dress, except for the dark blue silk suit she had worn off the boat last night. Dark blue! "The American colors are red, white, and blue," she explained to Paula. "If I wear the jacket of my suit over this white dress, and mix a big red, white, and blue ribbon *pompon* for my hair—"

Before she could finish Paula was explaining to the two boys, who nodded approvingly at Ann, Henrique smiling more broadly than he had at any time before.

Senhora Oliveira spoke commandingly to Paula in the midst of her excited chatter, and Paula replied with a self-pitying moan in her voice. "They want us to go to ten

ANN INTRODUCED TOM IN HIS UNCLE SAM COSTUME TO PAULA, THINKING PHILOSOPHICALLY, "WELL, ANYWAY, I SAW HIM FIRST"

o'clock Mass and meet the boys on the corner afterward," she told Ann.

"Then we can watch the parade," Ann said, "until they come."

"You'll see plenty of it before it's over. It lasts for three days." Paula was still pouting, but she brightened as the two boys rose, eager to be off. They gave her innumerable directions for finding them, just where and when to look, with many gestures and emphatic words. "*Certamente*," exclaimed Paula, over and over, to assure them that she understood.

Now they were gone, and Paula and Ann must hurry upstairs and make the fancy bow for Ann's blond curls, and find their hats and gloves and Paula's rosary and handkerchief and prayer book—a great business that took so long Senhora Oliveira was impatiently calling them from below, urging them to hurry in a tone so unmistakable that Ann did not need a translation to know what she was saying.

THEY went to the Church of Our Lady of the Candles—"Candelaria," Paula called it—a magnificent place where Ann would have liked to linger and look; and linger they did for they were so late they had to sit far front, and after the last candles on the altar were extinguished it was almost half an hour before they could push their way through the crowds and out to the still more crowded street.

Already the Cariocas, the citizens of Rio de Janeiro, were packing the pavement and clamoring up the faces of the buildings and hanging to balconies, iron railings, and window ledges to see the parade passing along the Avenida Rio Branco. And almost everyone, it seemed to Ann, was in costume, in the parade or watching it.

"It's begun," cried Paula, grabbing Ann's elbow and clinging to it as they were jostled and pushed nearer the outer edge of the walk. "The boys will never see us," she wailed, "in all this mob."

"We'll see them," Ann reminded her. "You'll know your own car."

"Of course. I'm just nervous. So much hangs on it. Last year Henrique—he designed the car decorations, you know—just missed third prize." They inched nearer the curb between a boy and girl tooting horns into each other's ears and indifferent to the two passing between them. One *heard* Carnival quite as much as *saw* it.

A pair of clowns on stilts marched along the middle of the Avenida, one in an immense coat with tails almost reaching the ground, the other a bride burying her face coyly in her bouquet as she swayed past, twelve feet above the street level. The crowd roared and clapped and whistled its approval.

"If only I knew that they hadn't passed this corner yet," worried Paula, not interested in the parade at all, except to find her brothers.

"Is this the spot?" asked Ann, as two small boys darted under her chin, throwing confetti in her face with a whoop as they passed.

"Sim," she nodded, falling into Portuguese.

"The clock in the tower down there," Ann pointed out, "says just eleven-fourteen now. Is that too late?"

"I'm afraid it is. They said ten-thirty."

"Parades don't start right on the dot; and they might not

have got in line immediately. Ask someone, why don't you? That man standing on the box must have been here for hours."

Paula squirmed nearer the white-haired gentleman standing with such dignity and firmness on his orange crate. Her quick accents brought his face to her level. He pinched his nose as if thinking, then nodded vigorously and pointed the way the parade moved.

Back at Ann's side, Paula said, "He described our big open car exactly, only I hope he's right."

"Well, we can overtake them and they can't come back to us."

"They're probably furious with me by now," mourned Paula. "They think I'm always late."

"You couldn't help it. We had to go to church. Come on!"

It took more jostling and shoulder-pushing to get back to the part of the sidewalk where the bright mosaic pattern showed under the quick-moving feet of the throng. While they hurried down the Avenida, a band in the parade began a dance tune. The crowd began at once to sway and stamp its feet and clap its hands in time. A boy and girl in a shop doorway stopped face to face, shrugging their shoulders, bobbing their heads, and snapping their fingers.

"They're playing this year's prize song," Paula exclaimed as they sped on. "A boy in Júlio's class at school won it. He's coming to our dance Tuesday night."

Talking was difficult and Ann did not answer. Already, she thought, she had heard that song several times. She was to hear it many hundreds of times more before Carnival was over. They had hurried down three blocks when a halt came in the parade. A police whistle shrilled. The guards began pushing back the crowd, separating them to let an official car pass across the Avenida at right angles to the parade and into the street near by. Somehow Paula was swept backward while Ann was swept ahead. Almost instantly Paula, who was

shorter even than Ann, vanished from view. The little *Norte-americana* felt a moment of panic. She had not yet learned from her friend where the Oliveiras lived, and she doubted if she could remember the way from the Church of Our Lady of the Candles, for she had scarcely noticed anything but the mountains above the city, the handsome homes, the beautiful lawns and flowers, the wide mosaic pavements underfoot, so strange and new to her sight. All she knew was that somewhere ahead in the parade was a green-and-yellow decorated car with two boys in it. If she kept straight down the Avenida, surely Paula. . .

A sharp sting, as if an icicle had pierced her arm, brought a startled "*Ouch!*" to her tongue and a reproving glance at the young man grinning down at her. He wore a high gray silk hat, a bright red-white-and-blue frock coat, and his trousers of scarlet were caught under his boots with familiar straps.

"Well, Uncle Sam," she exclaimed, still rubbing her arm but inclined to smile at so familiar a costume, "what did you do?"

"Ether. It's a squirt gun."

(Continued on page 49)



"SHALL WE DANCE?" ASKED ANN, BUT HIS FROWN DEEPENED



© Adams

THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN, A BASE FOR A TEMPLE IN THE LONG-AGO GREAT TOLTEC CITY OF TEOTIHUACAN



JANET struggled up from sleep to waking with the feeling that some one was calling for help, very fast and very loud. For a cloudy moment she could not remember where she was—this bed was not hers, nor that tall wardrobe. Then her puzzled eyes fell on her young aunt asleep beside her in another strange bed—and with an excited shout she leaped out and ran to the sun-filled window.

"*Qué pasa, chica?*" came sleepily from that other bed. Jane would wake up with a Spanish lesson on the tip of her tongue. But it was all too exciting to waste time protesting, as she had protested all the way down from St. Louis, that the English language was good enough for her.

"Mexico! We're really in Mexico!" Janet burred. "Sorry I woke you up, Jane, but what do you think woke me? A peacock—imagine! And he lives in that garden right across the street. Listen—there he goes again!"

The harsh cry came, "*Help! Help!*" five times, very fast and sharp. "The faker!" Janet laughed. "He's eating away as fast as he can gobble, and he doesn't need a bit of help. I never saw a peacock at home before, always in a zoo. Oh, and there's a turkey! On that roof over there! Jane, you must see this. And rabbits, too, and chickens. What an upside down country, to put its back yard on its roof. And look, they do their washing there, too!" She pointed to a pretty, black-haired girl who had just stepped out on the roof with clothes basket in hand and washboard under her arm.

"Lots more fun than our cellar laundries at home, don't you think so?" Her young aunt stood at her shoulder. "And a lot easier on the knees than washing on a flat stone by the



Mexico with its ruins of an ancient civilization—old before ever Columbus touched upon these shores—is a fascinating place to spend a holiday, as Janet discovered

replied with her most tantalizing half-smile.

"No fair puzzles the first morning," Janet protested. "Anyhow, you can't go places in history—and William the Conqueror's history! And," she concluded triumphantly, "he never was here, anyhow. He just stayed in Europe. So how can you go back behind him in Mexico?"

"When did America begin?" Her aunt swung the car around a donkey loaded with pottery crates.

"When Columbus came, in 1492." Janet was sure of that date.

"And what do you suppose was happening here before he

Miss Good Neighbor IN PERSON

By
MILDRED ADAMS

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brook, which you'll see out in the country. But look at that clock, *chiquita mia!*" She turned back to the bedroom again. "If we're going to start seeing Mexico in a big way, as you want, we'd better begin. Last man dressed is a—"

"—a Mexican jumping bean!" Janet finished for her, and leaped for her clothes at what she liked to think was fireman's speed.

It was not until they were in the car and clear of the fascinating new things to be seen in Mexico City itself that she remembered to ask what they were beginning with, and where they were going.

"We're going back before William the Conqueror," her aunt

came? Or before William the Conqueror went to England?"

"Oh," Janet looked deflated, "I never thought of that. We don't have that in school. But wait a minute!" She bounced up and down on the cushions with the excitement of a new idea. "They had pyramids here at some time. I saw a picture in our geography book."

"Good girl," her aunt applauded. "We're headed for one of those pyramids right now. One of the great ones. The Indians here were much finer builders than our Indians, you know. We're going to see one of their great cities, or what is left of it. No one knows how long ago it was built, but it was deserted before William the Conqueror went to England, which was—"

"1066," Janet finished for her. "Golly, I'm good to-day! Wouldn't my history teacher be surprised? Oh, look, Jane—is that the pyramid, that low gray hill?"

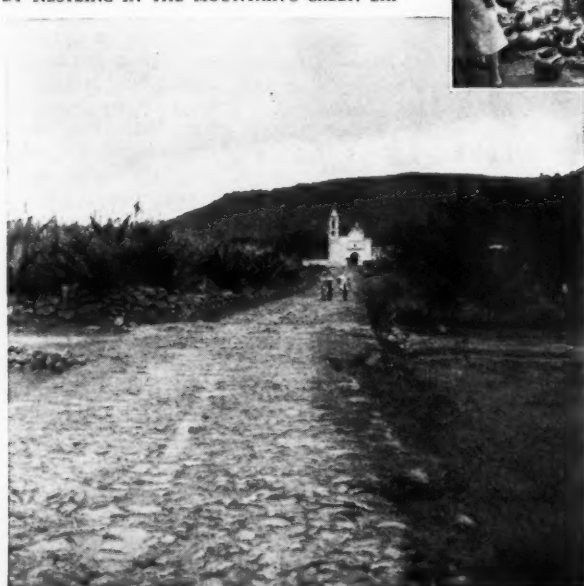
"Wait till you start climbing it," her aunt suggested, "and then tell me how low it is."

They bumped down a dusty side road and parked the car by the little museum which holds statues and pottery found in the ancient Place of the Gods, the long-ago great city of Teotihuacán. Now it is only the ghost of a city, for the people, the traders, the priests, the newsboys—all the swarming city life it held a thousand years ago—have vanished, leaving only lizards, broken walls, mounds, and occasional curious visitors in the wild grass land.

"But Jane," Janet's voice sounded small as she looked up and up the slanting gray face of the Pyramid of the Sun, "I thought it was only a low hill. It didn't look this big in my geography, nor from the car. Why, it makes me feel like a bug! Only I wish I were a ladybug with wings. Do we go up? Can we?"

"We can, if you'll have pity on your poor aunt and go slow." Jane slung her camera over one shoulder and put her purse in her pocket to have both hands free. "We're some seven thousand feet

FRAGMENTS OF POTTERY LIKE THAT AT RIGHT FILLED THE ROAD TO THE CHURCH OF SAN NICOLAS, WHICH LOOKED LIKE A PINK PLASTER BABY NESTLING IN THE MOUNTAIN'S GREEN LAP



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THE BATH OF AN AZTEC KING, CHISELED OUT OF LIVING ROCK, ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

up in the air here, to start with, and that means that sea-level dwellers, like you and me, can't get air enough to go very fast. Do you want to try it?"

"Of course!" Janet was scornful of altitudes. "But what did they build them for? Are they like the pyramids in Egypt?" She hopped up the first three steps, and took the fourth more deliberately.

"They're almost as high." Her aunt moved upward slowly, with plenty of stopping. "But those were burial places for kings, and these seem to have been built just to be the bases for temples. Only the priests were allowed to go up them, you know. Common people like us stayed down below to worship."

"I'm beginning," Janet was panting already, "to think the common people were wise. How much further is it?" She turned carefully and sat down on the broad stone step to catch her breath.

It was like climbing up the biggest slide in the world, she thought, with steps cut out of solid rock that were planned for a giant's stride. Only here was no guard rail, no rope, nothing to hang onto. If you looked straight down your head felt funny, but if you looked out across the tan fields to the mountains ringing them beyond, it was like sitting on top of the world.

"That's the Moon Pyramid over there, but they haven't dug it out much, or cleaned it up as they have this one." Jane pointed to a smaller mound. "And to the left is what they call the Citadel, with the temple of the Plumed Serpent, Quetzalcoatl. Can you imagine all this swarming with Indians in bright clothes, come to pay tribute, to trade, to worship at the shrines of the great Indian gods?"

Janet shook her head. "I'm too busy feeling like a bug. But look, Jane, there's something swarming right now!" She pointed to the winding pathway far below. "It looks like blue-and-white ants, but of course it can't be."

"School children," her aunt guessed, "being brought to see one of Mexico's famous monuments."



THE AUTHOR, BUYING POTTERY AT A MEXICAN STREET MARKET



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ANOTHER VIEW OF THE KING'S BATH SHOWING THE STEEP STONE STEPS LEADING DOWN TO IT

"What fun!" Janet stood up and started to climb again. Children were more in her line than archaeology which she was meeting for the first time; and the age and strangeness of the ancient, deserted city, as well as the surprise of finding for the first time in her life that it could be hard work to run upstairs, had put a damper on her usually high spirits. "Can we talk to them? I hope so."

But it was Jane who did the talking, for Janet, who had stoutly maintained that everybody worth talking to in all the world spoke English nowadays, found herself tongue-tied and awkward, able only to smile at the quick boys and girls who, being native to such altitudes, came scrambling up to the top almost as soon as she and Jane got there. They clustered around the two North Americans, laughing and chattering, obviously friendly and eager to talk; and Janet, who was used to asking all the questions she wanted to, had to content herself with nodding and smiling until her face felt stretched. Jane, she knew, would translate anything she asked her to, but it was a poor way of talking—and half the flavor, she found, got left out of what you could not hear with your own ears and understand with your own mind.

"Maybe I was wrong," she wondered to herself. "Maybe everybody I'll ever want to talk to doesn't speak English, after all. Maybe I'd better begin to learn Spanish the minute I get home."

IT WAS hard enough to have to let Jane do all the talking to the crowd of boys and girls on top of the famous Pyramid of the Sun, but it was even worse the next day, for that was the time they met the great-great-granddaughter of the Aztecs. "Maybe she would be an Aztec princess," Janet mourned, "and I can't even ask her. Why didn't you beat me, Jane, when I was little, and make me learn Spanish?"

But Jane, wise in the ways of her favorite niece, only laughed. They had driven out from Mexico City another way,

down the Puebla Road and off to the right toward what was left of the old salt lake of Texcoco. Jane was promising something different from the great gray pyramids of Teotihuacán, "something almost modern, built almost yesterday, just a little while before Columbus discovered us."

"Indian?" Janet demanded.

"Of course, Indian. But different Indian. Teotihuacán is Toltec, the baths of Nezahualcoyotl are Aztec."

"The baths of who?" Janet disregarded grammar and racial differences for what, to her secret amazement, was becoming the fascinating game of trying to say these mouth-filling words.

"He was a king, a philosopher, and a poet, and not under any circumstances to be called merely 'who,'" her aunt laughed at her. "He built himself a summer palace that was still standing when the Spaniards got here, a hundred years later, and its beauty made their eyes stick out. He brought water all the way down from the mountains on a series of aqueducts, just the way the Moors used to do in Spain, and he had hanging gardens and open-air baths all during the dry season, as well as during the rainy season. I've never been out here before, but I thought maybe you'd like it better than pyramids. Specially as it gives us a chance for a hike."

"Mmmm," Janet nodded vigorously.

"My legs get tired riding, but not walking."

They drove first to the sleepy-looking little town of Texcoco, which Janet could not believe had ever been the busy capital of an Indian kingdom. Jane asked directions from a smiling woman who was selling pottery beside the curb, and then turned toward the hills on the bumpy remains of what had once been a stone-paved road. "You can still see the stones," Janet, leaning over the side of the car, reported back, "but something's taken great bites out, and what we bump on is what's left."

At last, after (Continued on page 43)



THAT LONG RIGHT-ANGLED CUT IN THE ROCK IS AN AZTEC TRACE. BELOW: DONKEY AND PRICKLY PEARS



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THEY WENT AROUND THE EDGE OF THE HILL AND CAME ON A NEW VALLEY WITH A DISTANT LAKE



© Adams

Janey tackled a tough problem when she tried to conquer the apathy of Sophia, victim of the New Order, and to awaken her to life, love, and hope again



JANEY LEWIS and Tad Tyler were cutting across the park in the chill mid-afternoon of a February day. Their cheeks were glowing from the cold and they were laughing as they rattled through the crisp, dried leaves.

Tad was saying, "I did have something important to tell you, if I could just remember—but a man can't call his mind his own with a female like you talking a blue streak at him."

"If I had that pure cotton-wool stuffing you call a mind, I wouldn't want to admit it was my own," Janey said. She grinned at him, shaking back the fiery red hair that escaped from under her Senior Service Scout cap.

"One of these days I'm going to commit a quiet little murder and there's not a jury in the world would convict me." Tad glared at her, but he was really enjoying the exchange of good-natured insults with which Janey and he covered up their friendship.

"Tad—over there on the bench—it's Sophia!" Janey stopped abruptly, clutching his arm.

"Sophia? Who? What are you talking about?"

Janey's face was troubled, all her laughter gone. "Sophia Pryczek. The Polish girl. You know—I've told you about her."

"No, you haven't." Tad followed her gaze to the girl on the bench, a sullen young woman with long straight yellow hair falling to her shoulders from under an old beret. She wasn't doing anything, this Sophia Pryczek, just sitting looking at nothing and moving the toe of her shoe in the dirt. "Who is she?" he asked.

Janey sighed, turning away. "Let's go down the bank so she won't see us. Oh dear, I'll bet this is what she does every day when she's supposed to be looking for work. Candy and Mac and Darcy are taking care of her child this minute and she's sitting there. She doesn't want to find work! What are we going to do? I'll have to tell Mrs. Saunders."

"Look," Tad said, his voice sympathetic now, "why don't you stop talking in orthodox Russian and explain all this."

Janey repeated, "I thought I'd told you, Tad. She's a refugee. She isn't very old—I guess you could see that. Not more than twenty-one, I think. She was married when she was seventeen. Her husband was Jan Pryczek and he worked for a steamship company in Gdynia. They had a nice apartment there and thought they were set for life. They had a

JANEY *versus*

baby a couple of years ago in June. That was the summer of '39 when there was all that fuss about Danzig and the threats on Poland and everything. Sophia didn't think much about it, but her husband thought about it.

"He sent her to stay with friends in England until the trouble was settled. Only it wasn't settled. And in September Jan was killed. He'd joined the army. Sophia's brother was a lieutenant in the army and he was taken prisoner. Something happened to almost all of her friends—their homes were destroyed or they were sent to concentration camps."

"That is tough," Tad agreed.

"It's awful. Sophia didn't know what to do. She had no money, because all she and Jan had was in Poland where she couldn't get it. She was in England during all the terrible bombing. Her baby got sick—really sick—and her Polish friends persuaded her to come to America. They had an uncle here in West Haven—you know, Mr. Cermak who died last month. He got Sophia into the country by saying he'd support her and the baby. He had a pretty good job, you know, but he didn't leave much beside his insurance—just about enough to take care of his crippled wife. Under the immigration laws Sophia can't stay here without support. Mr. Anderson, Daddy's lawyer, says it's quite a problem. She can't be sent back to Poland very well, and it's just a mess unless she can get a job and try to become a citizen."

"That sounds like the only sensible thing," Tad said.

"Yes—but, Tad, she just doesn't care. Mrs. Cermak told Mrs. Saunders, our Service Bureau chairman, about her because



JANEY STOPPED ABRUPTLY. "TAD, LOOK OVER THERE ON THE BENCH. IT'S SOPHIA!"

By NANCY TITUS

the NEW ORDER

Sophia has to have someone to look out for the youngster, while she hunts a job—Mrs. Cermak can't. So that's what we're doing. Everyone's trying to help her so she can stay here and keep her little boy where it's comparatively safe."

Tad frowned. "I should think when you're all so nice to her—"

"That's it. She thinks there's a catch in our being nice to her. She doesn't trust anyone. Mrs. Saunders says it's because she's lost too much and been hurt too much. Out of sheer desperation, she says, Sophia's begun a defense against the whole world. And she seems to despise us while she's letting us help her. She seems to despise Mrs. Cermak, too, and doesn't care that Mr. Cermak helped her and that, now that there's so little money, it's taking from Mrs. Cermak for her to stay there doing nothing."

Tad asked, "But what about her child? She *must* care about that."

Janey shook her head. "She doesn't take any interest in Josef either, and he's a darling. He's got red hair almost the color of mine, but curly, and he's as cute as he can be. But she hardly ever notices him. I—I don't think I've ever felt so discouraged. It's two weeks now that the Bureau has been taking care of him. I think Sophia would be willing to let us go on taking care of him forever."

Tad was silent for a moment, then he said, "It makes you feel, doesn't it, that war is more than battles at the front? There must be some way, though, if you could only find it, to make her want to support herself and become a citizen."

Janey kicked at a twig. "We haven't given up yet."

Tad said, "Anyway, this has made me remember what I wanted to tell you—the Polish part did it. Our troop is sponsoring a lecture here next month by a Polish flier. He's got quite a story himself. His name is Stefan Dehn. He was in the Polish Air Corps—and when Poland fell, he got away to England. He's been flying with a squadron of Polish fliers. He was shot down a couple of months ago in the Channel and he can't go back into action yet, so the British sent him over here to talk on the R.A.F. and what the Polish aviators are doing. I thought you'd be interested—you're so keen on flying lately."

"I am," Janey said, interest waking in her. "I'll be sure to go. That's the kind of person I thought all Poles were. If Sophia could only get a little of that spirit, too."

An hour later, she dropped in to see how Darcy Hunter and Mary Boyd, the girls whose turn it was to care for young Josef, were making out. Sophia had come in, and the girls were getting ready to go. The young Polish mother sat on a chair by the window, not speaking, not looking at her child who was playing on a blanket on the floor, his soft fuzz of red hair standing out around his head.

Janey said cheerfully, "Hello Sophia," but the girl did not answer.

Josef however greeted her with glad, if unintelligible cries. "*Glub!*" he shouted. "*Flunk!*"

Darcy laughed, "He's going to talk so we can understand him any day now—I think he was trying to say 'Janey' this afternoon."

"Won't it be fun, Sophia, when Josef can really talk in English?" Janey asked.

Sophia stared. "What difference it make?"

"Oh, don't talk that way," Darcy cried. "You want him to grow up—to go to school—and some day to be an American citizen!"

"What is there that he grow up for? Nothing. There is nothing for Josef unless he learn to be strong—as I am learning."

Janey knew that suffocating frustration she always felt in this young woman's presence. "You say that because of what happened to you," she said. "But things were good for you once, and they will be for Josef when he grows up."

"*To niepodobna*. That is impossible."

Janey said, "But it's not! Not if *you* try to make it right for him, Sophia. Don't you care what happens to you and Josef? Mrs. Cermak can't take care of you. We're trying to help, but I saw you to-day—"

Sophia interrupted harshly, "Why do you bother with me, then? I ask for nothing. If I make you angry, go away. You make me tired. What do you know of what can happen to one?"

"We try to know," Candy began.

"Oh, go away. *Precz! Precz!*"

Janey stooped and ran a finger through the baby's red fuzz. "We'll go," she said, "but we'll be back."

The girls talked the matter over with Mrs. Saunders.

"I'm afraid it's going to take a long time," Mrs. Saunders sighed. "But perhaps we'll be able to do something before it's too late."

"But does she *want* to be sent away?" Darcy Hunter cried. "Wouldn't you think she'd want to stay in America?"

"I don't believe she thinks much of Americans," Janey said miserably.

"If you girls would like to give up—" Mrs. Saunders began. "No!" they cried out all together.

"Good for you! And it may help you to remember this," said the chairman of the Service Bureau. "Sophia still has spirit. As long as she has, there's always the chance it can be diverted into the right channels."

But it was a losing battle.

One day Janey suggested again to Sophia that she see about becoming a citizen. "Please go see Mr. Anderson, Sophia. He'll help you with everything."

"No," said Sophia. "Become American? No, thank you."

She spoke so scornfully a quick retort sprang to Janey's lips. But she let it die. There was a queer feeling inside her, one that had been growing—a feeling that the Scouts were touching, in Sophia, something deeper and more vicious than what they saw on the surface. They were trying to change Sophia, but Sophia had already been changed by something too big, too cruel for them to combat. "Sometimes," Janey told Mac and Candy, "I wake up in the night and I'm scared to my bones. I keep thinking what it would be like—a whole world of people like Sophia." Her bright eyes were deeply troubled.

When Janey was troubled, her trouble communicated itself to the rest. More than once the girls were tempted to have no more to do with the Polish girl, especially when she refused a position offered to her as a maid. She had said, "That kind of work? No! Not any more am I going to be the little people."

Gentle Mrs. Cermak, in her wheel chair, told them, "I have tried and tried. I have tried to remind her of her heritage as a Pole. It is no use."

Yet something kept the Scouts going back. Partly it was Josef. They couldn't neglect him. And partly it was that they couldn't give up hoping.

Tad had taken an interest in their problem and often inquired about the girls' progress with Sophia. "Red, I wish I could think of something for you, but I can't," he told Janey.

"Well, thanks," she said. "I don't see why we think we can help, anyway, when so many older people have failed."

One afternoon, when the girls were watching Josef while waiting for Sophia to return from interviewing a friend of Tad's father about a job, Darcy said despondently, "I'll bet

she didn't go at all. Oh, Janey, this is one time we'll have to admit we're licked, isn't it?"

Janey twisted a curl on Josef's head. "I suppose so," she said slowly. Then her shoulders straightened. "What are we talking about, girls? We haven't lost till they've got us in the dust and are sitting on our heads."

The girls grinned. "That's the way we all feel, really," Candy said. "Only I guess we'd like to say we've lost and let it go at that. It would be easier."

The door opened and Sophia came in. She wore a new red hat, and she regarded the girls with a triumphant smile as she took it off and turned it in her hands. "Do you like it?"

"It's very pretty," Candy said. "It becomes your hair."

"I bought it," Sophia said, "with the money a lady from the Welfare gave me to buy wool to make for Josef a sweater. I said I would knit it, but I do not knit it. I buy for myself a hat. If Josef needs a sweater, someone will give it to him. Some kind person who does not want him to go cold."

Janey felt heat sweeping over her. "How can you?" she cried. "That's not fair!"

"Fair? What is fair? Is it fair to take my husband? My friends? My country? My home? To be fair is only weakness—I find that out. The statesmen of my country said, 'We

will talk—we will figure this out—we will try to reach some agreement' and while they were saying it, the enemy attacked. That is smart. Take what you want, make those who know no better give it to you. That is to be strong. Do you think I can be sent back to Poland? No. If I am sent to England or some other place, they will help me there. Another nation of the weak."

Janey rose. There was a boiling well of feeling rising in her. "You said that once before—that we were weak. Do you think it's weak to care for Josef and try to help you?"

"Why should you bother? It is weakness to do as you do. The strong would trample us—finish us. That is how they stay strong."

Suddenly Janey's words were spilling out. "We bother because we have to bother," she was saying. "There is no more important thing in the world than to

care about people. We have to do that. It isn't weakness, it's strength. The other way makes such people as you, but we make people of the kind Josef is going to be! It's really weak to be the kind of person you are."

As she spoke she knew that, (Continued on page 37)



SHE LIFTED JOSEF IN HER ARMS. "HE, TOO, WILL BE AN AMERICAN," SHE SAID

The Legend of the FAIR GOD



A NEW-WORLD KING BEING CARRIED ON THE SHOULDERS OF HIS SUBJECTS TO WATCH HIS MINERS, PRESUMABLY DIGGING FOR GOLD. FROM ONE OF THE TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES OF VOYAGES AND TRAVELS IN THE INDIES, BY THEODORUS DEBRY (1590-1634)

How the Aztecs' belief in the coming of a "Fair God" made it possible for the Spaniard, Cortez, to conquer them and started the greatest treasure hunt the world has ever known

By

CATHERINE CATE
COBLENTZ

they should pause and build their city. So the tribe moved in a great body southward, and at last they saw, on an island, a great eagle sitting on a cactus and holding in its beak a squirming snake.

"Then did our fathers' fathers conquer those whom they found in this land, a people known as the Toltecs. And after they had conquered them, they built their city on the island (the present Mexico City) and it spreads now over two islands in the midst of this inland lake.

"Now, in the land to which they had come, our fathers' fathers found strange gods being worshipped, and among them was one known as Quetzalcoatl, the Fair God. It was told them that this god was very old and very powerful, and that he had been worshipped by the first people to dwell in this land, the people known as Mayans.

"So our fathers' fathers put the image of this old god in their temples with their own gods and worshipped him, even as the former peoples had done. They learned from the Toltecs how, in former times, this god had come across the seas to the Mayan people and had lived with them in the City of Tulan. That was a time when everyone was happy, and it was called the golden age.

"This god had strange skin, not ruddy like the people among whom he dwelt, but white and fair. He was very tall and powerful, and he wore a thick beard such as had never been seen before in this country. He dressed in a long, white tunic bordered with crosses, the symbol of the four winds. He taught the people many things—the planting of seed and its harvesting, the art of picture writing, and how to fashion ornaments from gold and silver, and how to carve on stone and wood. He showed them how to fashion the calendar, those enormous round stones divided into many parts and placed in such a fashion that the time of the year, and even the years themselves, are shown by the position of the stars in the heavens above them. The Fair God hated war and



WHILE legends of land in the West were being told in Europe—legends which finally led men forth in their frail crafts to explore the unknown—a legend was being recounted also in the Western World, which was to have a great influence in the making of American history.

The tale was told in the northern part of the narrowed land mass which connects the two continents—the region which we now call Mexico. There dwelt the Aztecs, a people who, in time past, had emigrated from the north. The legend was known as the story of the Fair God, and in the early part of the sixteenth century, just before the arrival of the Spaniard, Cortez, on Mexican shores, the priests in the Aztec temples must have repeated it something like this:

"Long ago, when the Aztecs, our fathers' fathers, lived in the Heron-Place-to-the-North, they were told by wise men among them that they should travel southward and make a home for the tribe in the southland. They would know when they came to the right place, for they would find an eagle sitting on a cactus and holding a serpent in its beak. (See cover of this issue) Where they should see the bird,

bloody sacrifices, and these, he warned, should never be made in the temples.

"But alas, stronger gods appeared in the city of Tulan, and the Fair God fled to the city of Cholula, where the great temple stands now to his name. From that city he went down at last to the seashore. He placed himself on a raft of twisting serpents and was wafted eastward by the winds until he was seen no more by his sorrowing people. Back to the sun he went, the place whence he had come.

"He left a promise behind him, however, a promise that he would return from the East. 'When the planet, Venus, which is my sign, is in a certain place in the sky above the calendar stone, then I shall come back to you,' he said. Then the Toltec people knew the days of peace and plenty for them would be seen again."

So ran the tale of the Aztec priests. "But," they continued, "when the Fair God returns, it means doom for us, the conquering ones from the north. For when the Fair God returns on the sea, our race is doomed."

Montezuma, the Aztec ruler, chieftain over all the tribes who dwelt in the city the Aztecs had built on the two islands, listened often to the story. He knew well enough that the planet, which had stood five times above a certain line on the calendar stone, was in that position again, in the place where the Fair God had said it would stand at the time of his coming.

Five times the god had failed to keep his promise, but now there were signs that this time he would surely come. In the heavens new stars had been seen, with fans of gold spreading out behind them; and, as if answering that sight, a sheet of fire had risen in the East, reaching into heaven itself where it sparkled as though powdered with stars.

Even the wind, thought Montezuma, had an unearthly sound. It went wailing up and down the land, almost as though it were saying the Aztec word for gods. "*Teules*," moaned the wind, "*teules, teules!*"

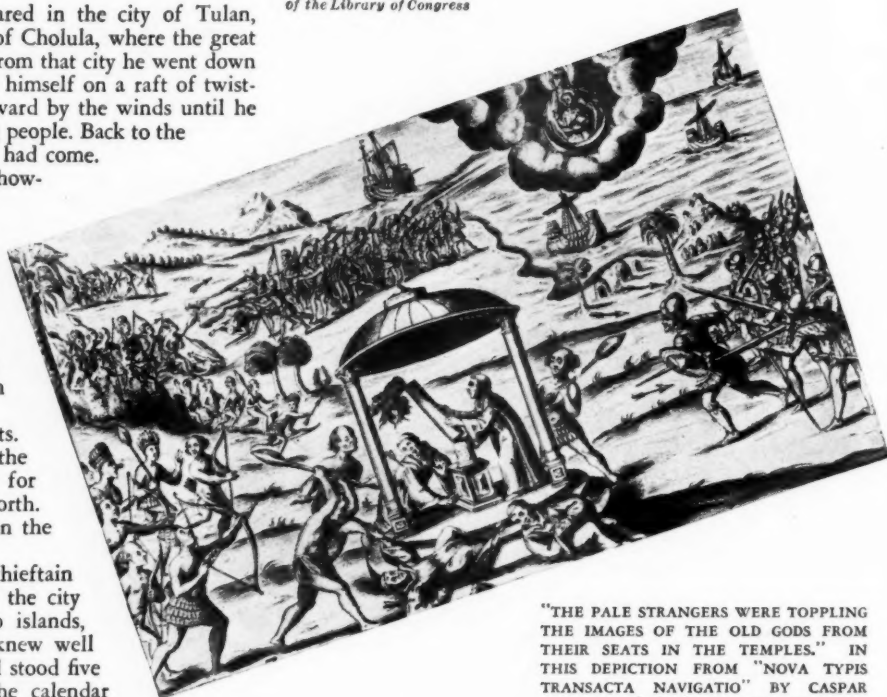
At that very moment swift messengers were speeding over the hills toward the island city to warn Montezuma that enormous white-winged birds had been seen on the waters. "They are swimming closer to the shore, and on their wings is the cross, the sign of the four winds, such as the Fair God wore on the hem of his robe."

And close on the heels of these messengers came others. Gods had landed from the winged birds, fair-skinned gods dressed in shining metal and riding on monsters which leaped about, now on two feet, now on four. The gods carried sticks which dealt death with thunder; they followed after a black banner with the cross, sign of the ancient god, upon it. The cross was scarlet, and around it were pictured flickering flames of rose and blue.

The gods had demanded two things: the first was gold, the second was permission to visit the ruler of the land at the great city of which they had heard from Indians near the shore. An Indian girl acted as their interpreter. She told Montezuma's messengers that the fair-skinned ones would not return to their king across the sea until they had seen Montezuma and his city.

The terrified Montezuma willingly sent gold, but he refused the strangers the permission they asked. When the second demand came, he sent more gifts—feather cloth, bright yellow and scarlet with touches of blue and green worked into the material, all of tiny feathers garnered from

Photographs by courtesy
of the Library of Congress



"THE PALE STRANGERS WERE TOPPLING THE IMAGES OF THE OLD GODS FROM THEIR SEATS IN THE TEMPLES." IN THIS DEPICTION FROM "NOVA TYPIS TRANSACTA NAVIGATIO" BY CASPAR PLAUTIUS (1621) THE INDIANS SEEM TO BE MASSACRING THE SPANISH PRIESTS

a million song birds; a chest filled to the brim with golden articles; a golden image of the sun so heavy it took many men to carry it; and an image of the moon fashioned of silver.

Then the messengers brought terrifying news. The gods had built themselves houses by the sea, and the leader among them had set fire to his boats—which the Aztecs had thought were winged birds. Truly, it seemed to the Aztec chieftain, the gods were preparing to stay forever in his land.

Montezuma could not know that Cortez, the Spanish leader, had destroyed the boats lest some of his men be tempted to desert. In a strange land, with no way of leaving it, the Spaniards had no choice now except to follow him as their leader.

Then came word to Montezuma that the fair ones were actually marching inland. A few remained by the seaside with the supplies, but through an unknown country, among thousands of hostile Indians, were coming five hundred men with twenty horses—creatures unknown in that land—and half-a-dozen "strange sticks" which made a noise like thunder.

The pale strangers must be gods, they must be. Along the way they were toppling the images of the old gods from their seats in the temples; and the Indians were flocking to follow the white-skinned ones.

At Cholula, the ancient city of the Fair God, Montezuma prepared to trap them—but his plans were destined to failure. He did not know that the women of the city had given the plan away to the Indian girl interpreter. He knew only that the marching gods knew all that he had planned and that their wrath was terrible. They fired the temples and the houses of Cholula and thousands of Montezuma's people were killed.

"Gods of the sun," he murmured. "All is light to them. Hidden things are made plain. My power is disappearing. The winds of the Fair Gods are sweeping it away!"

No gifts could stop the strangers now. They would not be bribed, they could not be frightened. In despair Montezuma made ready to meet them.

Jubilantly, gallantly came the Spaniards, riding monsters which tossed their heads as they approached the drawbridge, setting the hundreds of little bells fastened to their trappings to jingling.

Montezuma could see the banner they carried afloat in the breeze, now revealing, now hiding the scarlet cross set in its circle of flames. Behind the mounted leaders the Spanish foot-soldiers crowded, while the sound of their trumpets sent waves of music across the lake to be flung back again by the mountains.

Between two lines of barefoot chiefs the feather-canopied litter of Montezuma was carried toward the Spaniards. Pearls and green jewels were mingled in the canopy's border, and

gold and silver flashed with every stately step of its bearers.

At a signal from Montezuma the litter halted, and slowly, regally, he descended. As he walked forward, four chiefs held the feathered canopy over him lest the sun touch his head, while others spread garments on the ground so that his golden-sandaled feet should not be soiled.

Green plumes floated from Montezuma's head. His cotton, embroidered cloak, sparkling with jewels, was tied loosely at his throat. He wore a tasseled and fringed loin cloth, and the thongs that laced the sandals to his feet were jeweled.

As the Aztec stepped from his litter, Cortez dismounted and, going forward, would have embraced the red man, but the chieftains about Montezuma prevented him. Such a greeting, they thought, was not sufficiently dignified and formal for their emperor.

Cortez presented a gift to the Aztec ruler, a necklace of glass diamonds strung on a cord of gold and scented with musk. Montezuma sent his guest one in return, a necklace of shells with little golden shrimps hanging here and there like so many pendants. Cortez did not appreciate the shells, but he examined the golden shrimps with care while Montezuma watched him.

Fighting against fear, the Aztec chieftain began a speech of welcome. "At first I foolishly thought you were descendants of an ancient god, but now I can see for myself that you are not gods, but mortal men, although quite superior men. I see, also, that your steeds are as gentle as deer, your lightnings only tubes of metal."

In (Continued on page 31)



TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO A NEW-WORLD CITY—AS IMAGINED BY CASPAR PLAUTIUS IN HIS CURIOUS PICTORIAL VOLUME TELLING OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE MONKS WHO ACCOMPANIED COLUMBUS ON HIS SECOND AMERICAN VOYAGE

"... RIDING ON MONSTERS WHICH LEAPED ABOUT, NOW ON TWO FEET, NOW ON FOUR." THIS PLATE, FROM VOLUME VIII OF DEBRY, PICTURES THE HORSE OF FERDINAND DE SOTO DANCING BEFORE THE INCAS OF PERU. HORSES WERE AS TERRIFYING TO THE INDIANS AS WHITE MEN WERE



SKY RABBITS *Unlimited*

PART VI

LIGHTS flickered through the Brown house on Christmas morning before dawn had paled the sky. Little Matt's light rushed excitedly through the upstairs rooms, waking Kate and Ruth in one room, and Mom and Lena and Lindalee in the other. Kate's and Ruth's light hurried to the window to see if it had snowed last night (it hadn't); then it stood a very short while on the dresser before it followed Little Matt's down the stairs. Mom's light stood placidly while Mom and Lena dressed, and dressed Lindalee, as the fragrance of bacon and coffee and toast came up through the hole registers, accompanied by the voice of Little Matt, growing more demanding every minute.

"Guess we better get down there before Matt wears his sisters out," said Mom. "Come to Aunt Maud, little one." Lindalee rested her sleepy head on Mom's cushiony shoulder and yawned, making a huge gap in her tiny face.

Breakfast was a hasty matter, and after it the guarded door of the living room was opened. Everyone crowded behind Little Matt to see what he would think of his sled.

"Oh, gollies!" he gasped, and lunged for it.

All the lights were set around the living room and forgotten.

"My land, a new bread box," cried Mom.

"Ruth, this precious, adorable sweater! And pink!" Kate, almost red-headed and always yearning for pink, was near to tears of thankfulness.

"Look here! From Joel," said Ruthie. She unfurled a long roll that was poked into the toe of her stocking. "Some of his music. Some of those songs I love so, like *There Were Three Gypsies*."

Kate felt down into the empty toe of her stocking again. She had no present from Joel. Of course Ruthie was Mrs. Ronca's pet now, but Kate had thought that Joel—

Ruth ran to the piano, holding the candle while she played with one hand and sang to herself. Lena, decked with a new necklace and apron, tried a blue sacque on Lindalee, who didn't seem to have enough energy to be interested in her new rubber ball.

Little Matt was minutely examining his sled, when his face suddenly tensed. Then they all heard it—a scratching and a low, excited whining. Little Matt flung himself on the door. "Song-Dog!" he shrieked in wonder and delight.

Song-Dog streaked in like a gray, slim shadow, flashed around the room as if to make sure of his terrain, and then lightly jumped on Little Matt, with wagging tail and hanging tongue.

"He came home for Christmas," cried Little Matt ecstatically.

"Seems like Providence," proclaimed Lena.

"Nonsense," said Kate. "It is kind of a nice coincidence, though."

"You'll have to give him a bath," said Mom, "if you intend to keep him around here to-day."

Little Matt's face fell. He stared at his mother. "I'll have to take him back and lose him again, I suppose," he said.

"That you will," said Mom. "He'll probably leave of his own free will, though, first chance. Likely he came because he was hungry. Woods is the best place for him now, son."

"There's Roncas' car—it's Joel," cried Kate, glad of the interruption because of Little Matt's downcast face. She ran to the door, her pink sweater over her arm. When she opened the door, her smile of welcome became startled. "Joel! What's that?"

"It's for Fritz," said Joel, looking down at the neatly varnished spinning wheel he carried. "That is—it's really for you. I made it for you, Kate, and then I remembered how sorry you felt for Fritz, with nothing to do and time hanging so heavy—and I thought you'd rather I gave it to him. I haven't had time yet to make you another."

Kate was silent, and Joel looked at her anxiously. "I guess it does sound dumb—telling a girl that you're giving her Christmas present to someone else—but I thought you'd understand."

"Of course I understand," Kate said huskily. "I—I think it's lovely. I never had such a nice Christmas present."

"Gosh, Kate," Joel added, "those rugs! Is Mother pleased! And Dad, too. But they both are worried; they feel you shouldn't have given anything so valuable away. Mother thinks they may be worth a lot."

"Oh, piffle! I'm just glad if you like them," Kate said. "Come in a minute, Joel, and see Little Matt's surprise. And then let's take the wheel over to Fritz. I can't wait to see him get it."

Later, when Kate and Joel had carried the Christmas

The Story So Far

To Kate Brown, sixteen and just graduated from high school in the tiny Rocky Mountain town of Sky Rock, the future looked bleak. Her aunt, dean of women in a Kansas college, had refused to help her through college, saying that anybody who really wanted an education could find a way to get it. But Kate's widowed mother had only a small pension with which to support the family—herself, Kate, fifteen-year-old Ruth, and eleven-year-old Matt—and the only available job was that of maid in the home of the Roncas, newcomers who had started an Angora rabbit farm in Sky Rock after Mr. Ronca's business in the East had failed.

Kate decided to apply for the job and was accepted. She enjoyed the new interests revealed by life in the Roncas' home; she loved caring for the rabbits; and she was drawn to Mr. Ronca and to Joel, an attractive but unhappy boy who bitterly resented his parents' inability to send him to Harvard, as he had planned. She did not, however, please Mrs. Ronca. After a number of clashes (both before and after Mrs. Ronca's serious illness) Kate was asked to leave; Ruth, her sister, took her place acceptably, as she had a less vigorous personality. The job of janitor at the school house was then open and Kate took it, to Joel's disgust.

Almost immediately arose an embarrassing situation. Song-Dog, Matt's tame coyote, killed one of the Roncas' valuable Angora rabbits, and had to be turned loose in the hills. Kate, who had planned to use her boarded wages to take fragile Lindalee, her baby cousin, to the doctor in Denver, tried to pay for the rabbit, but the Roncas refused, giving her, instead, on credit, enough Angoras to realize her ambition of running a rabbit farm of her own.

When the first snow came, Kate covered the rabbit hutches with some old Navajo rugs. Joel said they were valuable, so Kate gave them to his mother for Christmas, as a peace offering.

by ELEANOR HULL

Christmas brought happiness to all the Browns—particularly to Little Matt—and provided Kate with courage to face a hard decision

Illustrated by
CORINNE MALVERN



KATE FELT THE EMPTY TOE OF HER STOCKING. NO PRESENT FROM JOEL!

spinning wheel to the Gerbers' house, Joel explained his plan to Fritz's mother.

"Spinning? For mercy's sake," ejaculated Mrs. Gerber. She padded before them toward the living room, much perturbed. "Don't you reckon it would wear him out too much?" she asked, turning doubtfully with her hand on the door.

"This last doctor said Fritz needed a little activity worse than anything—and to keep his mind off himself—didn't he?" demanded Kate.

Fritz greeted them listlessly, in the shadow of a tall Christmas tree trimmed with the traditional German candles and white paper lilies. But he stared at the spinning wheel with curiosity.

"Look at this! Thought you might be interested," said Joel, close to his ear. He pulled up a straight chair, sat down casually, and drew a hank of rough sheep's wool out of his pocket. He picked up a square of board with rows of bent steels imbedded in it. "Card," he said briefly, and began combing wool rather awkwardly with it.

Fritz leaned forward. "Watcha doing that for?"

"To get the ticks and things out," said Joel. "This roll of wool is called the lint." He rolled the smoothed wool into a light wad.

Mrs. Gerber was silent with the effort of reconstructing her previous ideas; Kate was silent, her lips compressed upon a threatening storm of giggles churning inside.

Joel adjusted the wheel carefully and gave it a push, then continued its motion by rhythmic pressure of his foot on the pedal. Fritz and Mrs. Gerber craned their necks to see. Joel held the lint in his right hand and the end of the thread already dangling from the spool on the spinning wheel in his left. With his right hand he spread the wool evenly, with his left he guided the end of thread into it, and miraculously the cloud of wool twisted into a more or less tight and even thread.

"Good night!" said the invalid. "What makes it do that?"

"The twist, caused by the wheel," said Joel. "Like to try it?"

"Oh, gosh, I couldn't do it," protested Fritz.

"Sure you could," Joel assured him. "But I've got to skip out now. I'll leave this here, and you can just practice turning the wheel by pedal, and I'll come back to-morrow and we'll try again."

"Gosh," said Fritz once more. "Hurry back, Mom, and watch me."

"I thought I'd perish," Kate gasped when they had emerged into the frosty world again.

"Why?"

"Both of you acting like you hadn't the slightest interest in that spinning wheel!"

"If I'd got excited about it, he would have been embar-

rassed and would never have dared touch the thing," Joel explained.

"Men are so funny," Kate sighed.

Joel paid no attention. "Better stop at home and get your hiking things on," he said. "It's almost time for the Yule Log search."

Kate said, with a quiver of pleasure running through her voice, "Thanks again, Joel, for making the spinning wheel for Fritz."

THE day was clear but cold, and night had left a heavy frost. After the trumpet call assembled them, the Yule Log pilgrimage started up the mountain. Joel, his head bobbing above the others in a red cap, was the first, and Kate the second, so that they went alone into an uncanny world, with the happy babel of the others following them remotely.

The frost clung to each twig, each pine needle, and the whole world was clad in a sparkling sheath. Kate walked lightly, for even the leaves underfoot were silver velvet until Joel's steps and her own marred them. Their passage was heralded by a continual flurry, as they startled the squirrels and the neatly liveried nuthatches and chickadees.



"Look, Kate!" Joel said in his quiet-excited voice. On the opposite silver hillside, a deer stood clear for an instant and then leaped away, light as a thought.

When they reached the top of the hill, which was the one rising behind the rabbit farm, they turned to watch the rest of the young people come up. A jumbled, chattering parade in bright jackets and caps, they climbed single file, turned to talk, laughed, sang, and seemed almost unconscious of the quiet beauty around them, but interested only in their comradeship and the novelty of the occasion.

Kate saw that Little Matt was almost at the end of the line, for he was dragging Song-Dog on his lead, unwilling to leave him behind for a minute. "Come on with us, Little Matt," she called.

"Nope, guess I'll just find a good place to sit down and let Song-Dog rest," Little Matt replied.

"Let Song-Dog rest," jeered Kate, watching Little Matt sink down on a hospitably shaped rock, panting and red-cheeked.

"Come on—this way, Kate," called Joel, and she followed him into the blue-shadowed woods. They hadn't gone far before they heard faintly behind them the cry, "Hey! Hi, everybody! I've found it—Boy!"

Kate and Joel looked at each other. "Why, it's Matt," cried Kate, beaming. "He was just sitting there. How do you suppose he found it?" They hurried back, converging on other groups, eager to know where and how the find had been made.

"I was just a-setting here," Little Matt said ten times, glowing with importance, "and I saw a blue jay fly into that tree; and I looked up—and if there wasn't a log, tied with rope! So after I'd looked a minute, I said, 'Gollies, that must be it!'"

His ride downhill astride the log was not the last word in comfort, though the path had been dragged yesterday by some of the boys. But the glory of it! Everybody sang carols. Song-Dog alone didn't enjoy it, but trembled violently all

the way down, his forepaws stuck hard into Little Matt's knees.

At the rabbit farm, Mrs. Ronca was at the door to greet them, rather nervous and shy, in a blue velvet dress that suited her soft, straying gray hair and deep gray eyes. Behind her, the room was warm and beautiful in the firelight. A tall Christmas tree stood in the bay window, splendid with red and blue balls and thick with dripping silver icicles. Underneath was a deep drift of white-wrapped packages tied with red ribbons. On the long carved table a huge punch bowl sparkled, full of warm spiced cider, flanked by plates of sandwiches and fruit cake. The library table was spread with a rainbow array of textiles that tempted eye and touch.

The room was thronging full, and Kate felt as if a sparkling shop window had suddenly filled with woods creatures, rusty and dusty and strange. She felt so only for a vivid moment, however, because after that she saw them again with accustomed eyes: the ragged urchin staring at the Christmas tree, with his ragged tow-head tipped and his mouth wide open, became again Andy Lafferty, whom she knew so well; and the leathery old woman lingering in open fascination at the refreshment table was again witty, peppery old Mrs. Eichorn.

Ruthie was at the piano, playing *Christ the Lord in Rags Came Begging*, and Kate drifted dreamily over to the table of exhibits.

"Gee, Kate, wouldn't you give anything to make stuff like this?" It was Reldie Hichens, brown, pinched, her half-witless eyes enormous in her clouded face, fingering a feathery scarf of rabbit wool.

"I don't reckon either of us could, Reldie," Kate replied. "I'm pretty good at knitting," Reldie insisted. "Bet I could, effen I had the stuff to do with."

Then Mrs. Ronca came by. "Kate! The rugs are beautiful," she whispered. "I can't thank you. My dear, I don't even know how to try."

"You have, already," said Kate, with a warmth inside her.



AFTER A GLANCE AT KATE'S FACE, JOEL CAME QUICKLY FORWARD, ARMS OUTSTRETCHED. "LET ME TAKE HER," HE SAID

EVERYTHING is lovely, my darlings, because of you," Kate sang under her breath. "And now you're really mine, you beautiful things."

Yesterday she had taken the twenty-five dollars she still owed for the rabbits to the Roncas and had given it to them with delight. She had saved it from her wages as janitor at the schoolhouse.

Three oil lamps were set on the kitchen table to light the early morning dark; the stove made a comfortable warmth that embroidered frost patterns on the dark windows. Kate was dressed in her plaid skirt and white blouse, ready to go to Denver, but on her apron-protected lap sat Alice, a great, soft pompon of white, twinkling her nose in alert satisfaction while Kate combed one pure white strand of wool after another, freeing it from tangles or soil.

The stair creaked and Little Matt came down, long, skinny wrists extending from his old gray bathrobe sleeves.

"Little Matt," cried Kate in astonishment, for her young brother usually had to be hauled out of bed by force, especially in winter, "what are you after?"

"Well, I kep' a-seeing your light coming up through the hole, and it made me hungry," said Little Matt, going into the pantry. He came out with four cookies in reserve and one in use. "Pete's sake, what makes you get up so early?"

"I'm going to Denver. I finally persuaded Lena to take Lindalee to the doctor's to-day," said Kate. "Mr. Ronca made an appointment for us with an awfully good—let me think—pediatrician. He says he's sure he won't charge more than Lena can pay."

"You comb those rabbits twice as much as you have to," said Little Matt. "Gollied, what funny business! And nowadays you're always working. Working every afternoon at the schoolhouse—and, besides that, reading all those books after supper at night. Just like you was still in school."

"When you grow up," Kate advised, a rich, contented smile deepening the corners of her mouth, "you'll realize how much fun it is to be busy. That is, when your busyness gets you somewhere."

"Sounds screwy to me," said Little Matt. "I like to rest."

"I ought to get four ounces off this rabbit when I shear her," said Kate. "Almost enough for a sweater. Mrs. Ronca's getting twelve-fifty for sweaters, wholesale, in Denver."

"Twelve-fifty!" cried Little Matt, scandalized. "For a sweater? You can get a good bike for twelve-fifty."

Kate worked the fluff of wool out of her comb and dropped it into the fire, and went to the door with Alice under her arm. She took her old coat down from a peg on the door and pulled it around her shoulders. "Don't eat any more cookies before breakfast," she cautioned. "I'll get breakfast just as soon as I've fed the rabbits."

But when she came in again, Ruth was already setting the table, ready for school from shining golden head to neatly tied oxfords.

"When do you start?" Ruth asked.

"Joel said he'd come by around nine," answered Kate. "Oh, I'm so glad we're finally going. All this time, since Lindalee first began acting so spindly, I've been like somebody holding their breath, and now, when we get her into the hands of a real good doctor, I'll be able to let loose of it."


She sat next to Joel on the drive down the snowy canyon, half turned so she could talk to Lena and Lindalee on the back seat. She felt exhilarated.

"Isn't it beautiful—winter in the creek?" she exclaimed, looking down at the white stream bed, sculptured by wind and water into whirls and drifts and black, mysterious holes. "Look at how the bushes are colored! Brightest colors you ever saw. Red and yellow and orange—and then the blue shadows on the snow!" (Continued on page 36)

A GIRL'S LETTER *to* GEORGE WASHINGTON

How Mercy Taft wrote to the great first President



 **S**AFE in the vault in the Library of Congress, among Washington's state papers, his Thanksgiving proclamation, his farewell address, letters to and from important people, there is a letter written him by a slip of a girl—which, by some happy miracle, escaped the official wastebasket of the year 1790. It lay among his papers at Mount Vernon during five generations, always handed down from one Washington to another, until at last it was placed in the vault, carefully preserved in the Library in one of its volumes of letters to Washington, and mounted on its own white paper.

To-day, a century and a half after the letter was written, the ink is faded and brown, but still legible. The fine handwriting, starting off straight across the top of the large yellowed sheet, soon takes to slanting, the letters growing smaller and smaller with all the girl writer had in her heart to say to the great first President.

The back of the sheet is folded across and was sealed to form an envelope. It is addressed

*To the
President of the United States
New York*

The large letters of the address march boldly across

Illustrated by ORSON LOWELL

By ELOISE LOWNSBERY

the sheet—but then the writer discovered that the final *d* in *United* had nearly reached the edge, so the *States* must be squeezed into a very small nook indeed. After all, *United* was the important word in those days.

Across one end of the letter is a notation in Washington's handwriting: *From Mercy Taft, Dec. 1789.*

How did Mercy Taft come to write to Washington? Well, the story began with one of the red-letter days in a girl's life. Let's imagine what it was like. Perhaps Mercy awakened that day with a feeling that something wonderful was going to happen. Yet nothing did, and as the hours went by, she swept the hearth and scrubbed the oak tables in her father's tavern.

The small brothers and sisters in the Taft family were like the rungs of a ladder that reached to heaven—twenty-two of them—and the days were never long enough for all the work to be done. Mercy went on with her scrubbing. But suddenly she lifted her head to listen. Surely that was the *kloppety-klop* of hoofs along the muddy turnpike from Boston to Hartford! She had never been to either city, for all that the road ran by their door.

Now she ran out to see who was coming—many horses by the sound. If the travelers were quality folks, Mercy thought, they would most likely pass by to the larger Uxbridge Inn, a mile below. Standing under the great oak tree in the yard, she wiped her red hands on her apron and her eyes grew big with wonder. For the strangers were coming from Uxbridge, not going to it, outriders in livery, followed by one—no, two—carriages. Now they were stopping at her father's gate.

"Polly," Mercy called to her younger sister, who came out on flying feet, "go call Mamma and Papa, quick!"

A footman was opening the carriage door. A young man was alighting, followed by a gentleman who towered behind him, stately, tall, and grand.

Mercy curtsied, hiding her hands, and the young man inquired if there might be accommodation at the Taft inn for a party of nine. Mercy nodded, speechless with awe. Could this be? But it *must* be! To her relief, her mother and father, Polly, and the younger children came running from the house. Her eldest brother, Frederick, fell on his knees before the tall gentleman. Her father, his eyes shining with excitement, bowed his illustrious guest into the tavern. This was a tremendous honor for the Tafts.

Yes, thought Mercy, by some miracle of grace this was really General George Washington, inaugurated just six months before as first President of the United States of America. And because he was Frederick's general during the Revolutionary War, he was the hero of the Taft boys and the idol of her parents and the girls.

Though the Tafts tried not to show their confusion, the whole establishment must have been put into a flurry. It was the end of the day, Polly had not tidied up the children, Mercy had not finished her scrubbing. Twilight was falling. Father and Mother gave many orders. "Quick, stable the horses!" "Quick, light the candles!" "Quick, sweep the floor!" "Quick, run out to catch some chickens for the President's supper!" "Quick, make up the bed in the best room, and prepare beds for the President's secretary, Tobias Lear, and for his aide, Major Jackson, and for his six servants!"

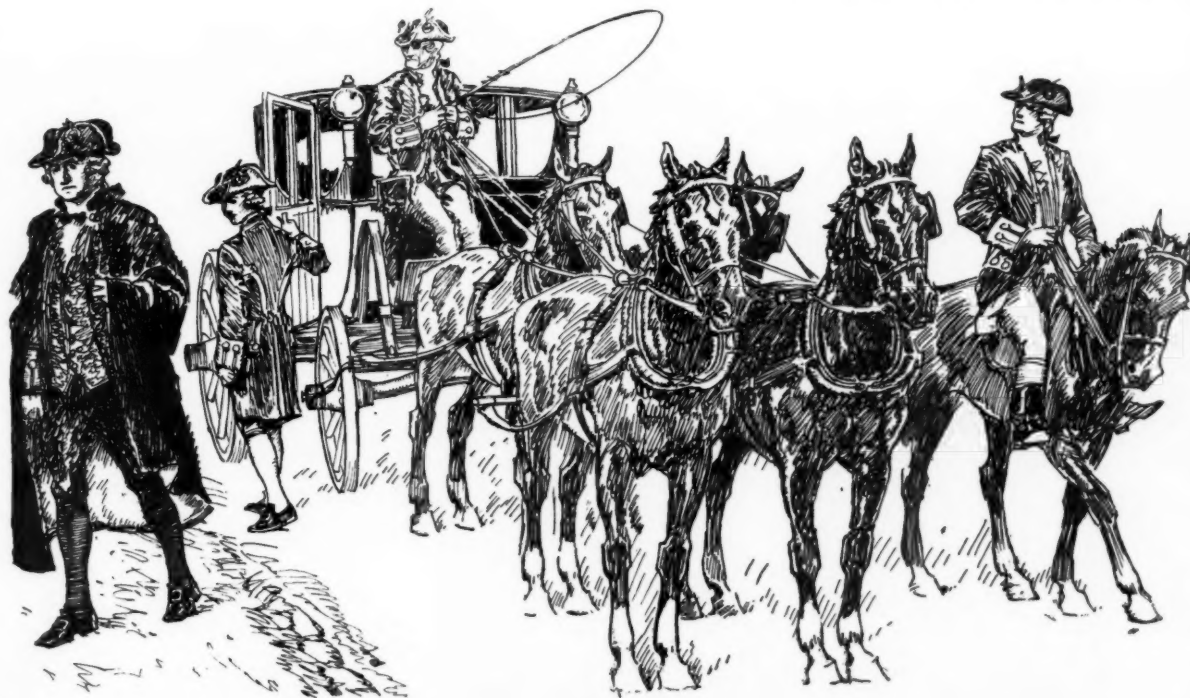
How they all must have scurried about, getting into each other's way! Mercy ran for hot water. Surely, the great guest was weary and would wish to wash his hands and face.

"He thanked me, and he wanted to know my name," she flew down to announce to Polly. "And when I told him, he thought I said Patty instead of Mercy."

Whereupon Polly begged to be allowed to carry up something, too.

(Continued on page 46)

MERCY NODDED, SPEECHLESS WITH AWE





LAURA TARQUINIO OF BRAZIL UNPACKS A BASKET SHE BROUGHT FROM HOME, CONTAINING NATIVE VEGETABLES AND FOODS FROM WHICH SHE WILL COOK A TYPICAL BRAZILIAN MEAL



BELOW: A SMILING WELCOME FOR OUR FIRST LADY, MRS. ROOSEVELT, WHO WAS ONE OF THE DISTINGUISHED VISITORS AT THE ENCAMPMENT. HERE IRMA ACUNA IS OFFERING HER GREETINGS FROM HER NATIVE LAND, FAR-AWAY ARGENTINA



LAURA TARQUINIO STRUMS AN ACCOMPANIMENT FOR HER OWN SINGING OF BRAZILIAN SONGS, TO THE VAST ENJOYMENT OF UNITED STATES GIRL SCOUTS. RIGHT: JUNE CROSSWELL, JAMAICA, OBSERVES THE NORTH AMERICAN WAY OF EGG FRYING

ACCENT ON THE

Girls from sixteen Western Hemisphere are cemented friendship and understanding

By GERTRUDE WOOD

Girl Scout



BELOW: PEELING POTATOES WHILE SITTING INSIDE THE DINNER GONG—A CHORE SHARED BY IRMA ACUNA OF THE ARGENTINE AND ONE OF OUR OWN GIRL SCOUTS

IRMA'S English ranged all the way from "Yes" to the "Thank you very much." Sometimes Lygia had difficulty with her verbs. Celia and Alba relied on their Spanish eyes and expressive gestures to help them over the tougher parts of English sentence structure. The girls from Canada, Newfoundland, and the British colonies did just as well to the clipped speech of their mother country; and the girls from the United States contributed their own variations of the English language in accents varying from the Down East drawl to the soft intonations of the Deep South. In spite of this, they spoke essentially the same language for all were Americans and all were Girl Scouts.

They had another bond in common, too, for each girl had been especially chosen to represent her country, or her part of the United States, at the 1941 Juliette Low Memorial Encampment for the Western Hemisphere. They had come to Camp Bonnie Brae, in the Berkshire hills near Springfield, Massachusetts, from sixteen Western Hemisphere countries and from twenty-five States, to do their part in strengthening understanding and friendship in the Western World.

This sounds like a large order for girls in their teens, but



THE AMERICAS

from all over the world and from twenty-five of our States
 attending the Juliette Low Memorial Encampment

by WILCOCK SIMPSON

Girl Scout Staff

In "Yes" these days everyone, no matter what her age, has a contribution to make toward keeping our part of the world free from the misunderstandings and jealousies which create wars and chaos. The example, alone, of this Girl Scout effort was of tremendous value. Editors called the attention of their readers to the Encampment. The newsreels took pictures and the radio gave nationwide time on the air so that variations of people throughout the country could know that Girl Scouts in the South were being practical about this important business of getting acquainted with our neighbors north and south of the border in the languages of the United States.

As for the girls themselves, they learned from each other how life is lived in Missouri, Bahia, St. John's, Illinois, and Mexico. They swapped ideas about school, beaux, food, clothes, and what they wanted to do when they grew up. They had or they discussed the problems facing their countries and the world to-day, and tried to figure out ways in which they should help. Above all, they discovered that in spite of their differences in language and variations in accent, they were all girls together with very much the same hopes and dreams and ambitions.

The second Western Hemisphere (Continued on page 41)



BELOW: "PULLING TOGETHER"—SYMBOLIC OF THE JULIETTE LOW ENCAMPMENT FOR THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE



GORGEOUS AND COLORFUL WAS THE COSTUME THAT MARIA PALACIOS BROUGHT FROM HER NATIVE MEXICO. NO WONDER THAT IT ELICITED ADMIRATION FROM THIS U. S. GIRL SCOUT



BELOW: THE BEAUTIFUL MEXICAN EMBROIDERED BLOUSE THAT MARIA ADEL-AIDA PALACIOS IS SHOWING HER CAMP MATE LOOKS LIKE A TEMPTING "SWAP." DELEGATES BROUGHT WITH THEM EXAMPLES OF NATIVE CRAFTS AS WELL AS FOODS TYPICAL OF THEIR COUNTRIES



SWINGING ALONG TOGETHER! JOYCE ELAINE CROOKS OF TRINIDAD; JUNE CROSSWELL, JAMAICA; A BONNIE BRAE CAMP COUNSELOR; MARIA CHRISTINA TEJADA OF GUATEMALA; ANNA FULLER OF BRITISH HONDURAS; AND NANCY MAGNER OF THE CANAL ZONE



"Be Prepared" — THE VALUE OF THE



A STATION WAGON BORROWED BY THE TOPSFIELD GIRL SCOUTS AND, BY THE ADDITION OF EQUIPMENT THEY MADE THEMSELVES, CONVERTED INTO A MOBILE CANTEN CAPABLE OF FEEDING LARGE GROUPS OF PEOPLE

From STATION WAGON to MOBILE CANTEN

*A Massachusetts Girl Scout troop demonstrates how to be prepared to serve meals to large groups in an emergency. By MARY L. WELLMAN**

THE Topsfield, Massachusetts Girl Scout Mobile Canteen Number One really came into being through our Girl Scouts' interest in the homemaking field, principally in cooking and foods. In the autumn of 1940, twenty of our older girls decided that they would like to learn something about nutrition. Some of them had not had the course in school; others, who had had the course, wished to go further. Fortunately we had a splendid teacher, a graduate of the home economics department of a great Western university, so the girls had a fine three months, cooking and planning meals with an eye both to nutritional values and economical buying.

This same group of girls spent the rest of the winter on a course in Junior Red Cross Home Nursing. In the summer of 1941 the women's division of our public safety committee in the town held a meeting, and all the women's organizations decided what phase of defense work they would particularly promote. One of these projects was a canning course given by our State agricultural college, and a short series of lectures by members of the Massachusetts Women's Civilian Defense School. At one of these meetings, through the kindness and coöperation of the Metropolitan (Boston) Chapter of the Red Cross, their Mobile Canteen came to Topsfield and served lunch for sixty people. Everyone was greatly impressed by the speed and efficiency of the Canteen staff and the excellence of the lunch.

This demonstration inspired the Girl Scouts with the idea of acquiring a Mobile Canteen, as a practical way of putting into service the training they had already had in nutrition. They realized, too, that a mobile canteen would be useful to their community in peacetime as well as in a war emergency.

Many aspects of Scouting show up in Canteen work. First of all, team play and the patrol system. Cooking is important; it may be done indoors where the girls learn how to handle different kinds of stoves, or outdoors

where they learn skills in building the many types of fires. Finances are important—so are care of equipment, knowledge of cars, how to change a tire, etc.

And, of course, *foods*, the vital aspect of the whole plan. The shock of finding how many of our young men are ineligible for the draft through defects resulting from poor nutrition, has made our whole country conscious of the balanced diet. Splendid educational work is being done on all sides by many agencies and food companies, inspired by the conference called by Mrs. Roosevelt. Our girls realize the part which they can play in this battle and are equipping themselves, as homemakers, for the care of their future homes and families.

So the menus for Canteen meals are carefully studied and planned: calories, vitamins, minerals are tracked down and incorporated into soups, stews, one-pot meals of all kinds. Little complications arise which prove as tricky as cross-word puzzles. Is fat included in our menu—at least three teaspoonsful a day? Otherwise Vitamin A will elude us, and the sly old cabbage and carrot will not give us their calcium and potassium for our bones.

Before starting our Canteen, we consulted the defense committee in our town and the local chapter of the Red Cross. They were interested in our project and encouraged us to go ahead. Several women have taken Canteen courses in order that they may comply

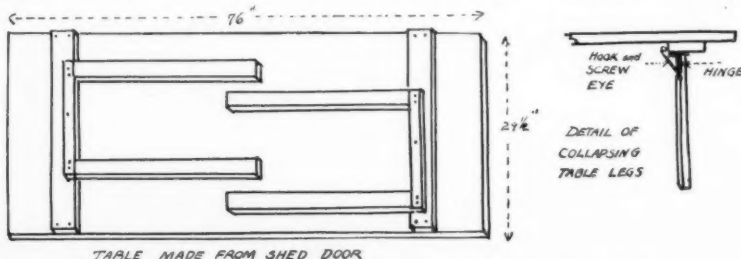


with all regulations required for service. The girls will act as junior Canteen workers and a special defense course is being prepared in Massachusetts for that age group.

The assembling of the Canteen equipment has been going on over a period of four months and we are still lacking a few things. We have planned as economically as possible, realizing that the Canteen might never be called upon for hard or sustained use.

Our many friends have been very generous. One committee member gave a small shed door and painted it, the husband of another put on some hinged legs—and so we had our table; our boxes were donated by a box manufacturer and the drug store; our food container is the gift of the garden club.

Our station wagon we borrow. Not counting the thermos and food jars, we have spent twenty dollars. Carriers for keeping food, soup, and liquids hot or cold are supplied in all sizes by Vacuum Can Company, 25 South Hoyne Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. (Catalog on application.) These items of equipment ranged from \$20.00 to \$50.00 each. It is also possible to secure, from sporting and camp-



*Mrs. Sargent Wellman, Member of the Regional Committee for Region I and deviser of the ingenious plan described above

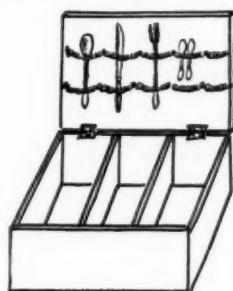
GIRL SCOUT MOTTO IS MORE THAN EVER APPARENT IN TIME OF WAR



ing supply houses, other types of jugs which keep liquids hot or cold for a short period. As an economical substitute for a thermos container for food, we are using a butter tub lined with newspapers and chopped hay which help to insulate it; a kettle of stew placed inside will keep hot two or three hours.

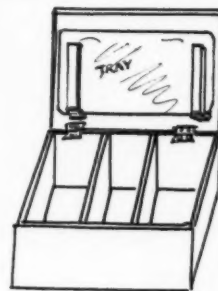
The equipment, based on serving fifty people, is as follows:

- 3 boxes
 - 1 table, camp stools (a few)
 - 1 five-gallon jug for hot or cold liquid
 - 1 five-gallon food container for hot food
 - 1 container (large milk can) for water
 - 1 large tin box for sandwiches
 - 1 small cake box for extras
 - 1 large galvanized tub which holds:
 - 3 one-gallon mayonnaise glass jars for fruit, salad, etc.
 - 2 quart jars for cream—unless evaporated milk is used
 (The jars are kept in canvas bags to prevent breakage and also to permit cooling by evaporation as ice is carried in the tub.)
 - 3 eight-quart enamel pails, or other containers, with 3 sugar bags for making coffee
 - 1 garbage pail with cover
- In the boxes we carry:
 - 3 trays (less expensive than platters)
 - 2 large pitchers
 - sugar, salt, pepper
 - 3 or 4 serving spoons and a dipper
 - 2 paring knives, 1 carving knife and fork, 1 bread knife and board
 - Can openers, quart measure, soap, dish towels and cloths
 - 50 plates, aluminum or enamel
 - 50 cups, enamel
 - 50 forks
 - 50 spoons
 - 25 knives
 - A supply of paper plates, cups, spoons, paper napkins, and straws
 - Lantern, flag, flash light, and string



EQUIPMENT BOXES

SCREEN DOOR SPRINGS HOLD SILVER IN PLACE

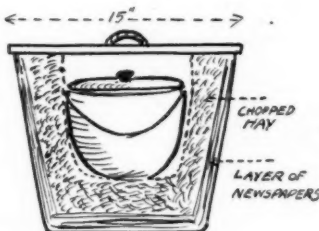


Serving spoons, knives, etc. are kept in the lid of one box by means of screen door springs which are stretched across the inside of the lid. Each coil of the spring provides a secure holder into which a fork, knife, or spoon may be slipped. (See diagram) Trays fit in a little frame on the lid of another box. Boxes have rope handles and a leather shoe lace keeps the lid up.

Boxes measure 24 x 18 x 13 inches.

Compartments can be made according to individual requirements to fit size of tin boxes, pitchers, *et cetera*.

All of this equipment is removable, thus need not be kept in the station wagon or limit the station wagon's use to Canteen purposes.



BUTTER TUB WITH KETTLE OF STEW INSIDE WILL KEEP HOT FOR 2-3 HOURS

teams of four or six Guiders can go at once to any badly "blitzed" area, and, while living camp fashion in the horse box, carry on with cooking hot food, dressing minor casualties, or, in fact, doing any and every odd job that may be asked of them. They have had some strange experiences, including working for a time in a vast range of caves where thousands of homeless people were camping out, acting as canteen for a branch of the army which does demolition work in the most dangerous areas.

"So far, mercifully, this building has not been touched. Some of us have been acting as 'roof-spotters'—that is, watching through an air-raid alert to warn the workers in the building when planes are getting close, and that they would be wise to go below for a bit. At first when they heard guns getting close they used to want to be sent down, but now we are grumbled at if we blow whistles except in the last extremity.

"One afternoon we did have rather a hot time, as a result, and then the editor of the Guider's paper and I went home to find the gas main in front of our flats had been hit and had blown most of the road in through our fourth story windows—glass and window frames and rubble everywhere, and, of course, the rain pouring in. However, we boarded up the windows and hung on there for a couple of months, until a shell-cap came through the roof. Then, as the place was getting noticeably damp, with mushrooms growing along the walls overnight, we moved down to a ground-floor flat and made ourselves all elegant with new curtains—only to get windows and frames in, last week one night, and all the locks blown off the doors, as well! However, we had learned a thing or two and had stuck muslin on all our glass, so we were able to lay it reverently in the gutter outside in whole broken panes, and hadn't the job of splinters in the bath and in the beds and in one's clothes, and turning up for weeks after in the woolly hearthrug.

"Everyone is very cheery about it all, and I do wish you could have seen them all, the morning after that raid—the milkman arriving with the milk, whistling, housewives out in backyards beating mats and carpets, and the hall porter surveying the damage to our block and remarking that we now 'did look complete.' The poor people are quite magnificent. Just behind where I live, very poor little streets back onto the railway—and that night, my daily woman tells me, men and women alike turned out to scale the high

ENGLISH GUIDES were PREPARED~

~and have proved how valuable Girl Guide training is in war time. Excerpts from a letter to an American friend by CATHERINE CHRISTIAN, Editor of "The Guide," official publication of the English Girl Guides

"... We are still alive here, and far from giving up *The Guide*, we have chosen this moment to take over the paper ourselves, and publish it for the first time as a Headquarters concern. The printing works of our old publishers were bombed and they could not carry on, so the Executive Committee here agreed to take the financial risk of handling the paper entirely ourselves. So far it is proving a worth-while investment, I am glad to say, as, in its new form, it is more popular than before with the Guides—our circulation has gone up round and about a thousand a month lately. The only difficulty is that we

may be short of paper for printing it on, eventually—but I don't doubt we shall find a way round even that difficulty. . . .

"I expect you will have heard quite a lot about how our children are standing up to present conditions, but I remember you asked me to send you any news I could, when I last wrote about the Polish Guides, and since then things have got pretty hot in spots here. I think one of our most exciting ventures has been the Mobile Canteen, although, of course, that has been staffed by Guiders, all over seventeen. It is a horse box, bought and converted by the Denbigh Rangers. In it, picked

MAKE YOUR OWN CLOTHES

Pajamas with a dual personality are easy to make and easy on the budget

By ELIZABETH ANTHONY



IT'S just as important for you to look pretty and feel comfortable when you're lounging around your room in the daytime, as when you are sleeping in your bed. And you'll find it easy to achieve this, no matter how small your allowance, if you make sewing your hobby. A pajama pattern with a dual personality that is brought out by selection of fabrics and a variety of trimmings is the choice for you. For instance, you can make the pajamas shown above in thriftily priced flannelette, challis, or seersucker for nighttime wear, trimming it with contrasting bias tape; then, for daytime lounging, you might use gaily printed rayon crêpe or satin, adding silk rickrack braid edging on shoulder yoke and pockets.

Even if you've never sewed before, you'll find these two-piece pajamas, with an attractive jacket and cup-shaped patch pockets, easy to make. Would you like to know how to do a double-quick job of attaching the pockets? You'll be dropping all sorts of doodads into those pockets, besides tucking your hands in their roomy depth, so use the edge stitcher attachment to make a reinforced row of stitching around the edges. It will give a firm

finish, and look rather decorative, too.

Note, too, that the jacket is gathered to a shoulder yoke at front and back. There's a gathering foot attachment in the sewing machine kit that coaxes in the fullness evenly and quickly—and if you're hesitating over the thought of making buttonholes for the front jacket closing, just remember that the buttonholer attachment will turn out precisely bound buttonholes of which you may be proud.

The pajama trousers are simply styled, with an elastic band finish at the back to hold them in place. On the inside trouser leg seams you should use the pinker attachment in the sewing machine kit to prevent raveling.

This Hollywood Pattern may be ordered from THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York City, in either children's or misses' sizes. For children's sizes 2 to 12, order 773; for misses' sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 42) order 782. The price is 15 cents. Be sure to state size when ordering pattern. Write THE AMERICAN GIRL for information about the nearest sewing center in your locality.

Pattern
773
price
fifteen
cents



embankment, climb on the slow-moving railway trucks, and put out the blazing incendiary bombs that had fallen on them as they ran out of the station. Knowing what freight those trucks often carry, I just can't say enough for them. My woman's only comment was, 'I wish Hitler could have seen us. I think it would have hurt his feelings quite a bit!'

"For myself, I admit quite frankly that I am often scared stiff when it is our turn, as fire watchers, to patrol the streets in tin hats! It isn't so bad when things begin to happen, but standing around waiting for them is worse than twenty first nights at amateur theatricals, when you aren't sure you know your part. One of the heartening things is the small number of casualties, comparatively, that a lot of wasted ammunition produces. That night we must have had quite twenty-five heavy explosions close around—seven houses in our street alone went—but only one death. Admittedly, that was a lucky night, but we can hang on a long time yet, at that rate. Of course, most folks show up next day with a bit of sticking plaster or a bandage to show for it—but that's partly their own fault because they will not screen their window glass.

"If ever you get in war in your country—as we all pray you may not—do take a lesson from our experience and stick up good coarse muslin on your windows from the very start. Glass and glass splinters account for more than half the really nasty wounds over here. Dip your muslin in tapioca water and get it smoothly on, an inch to spare beyond the glass, all around the frames. It won't stop the glass breaking, but it will stop it flying—and maybe if you start telling people now, you may get them educated. All the yarns about clear anti-splinter paint, etc., are yarns, and strips of paper don't do a thing—I'm a veteran on this now, and I'm telling you! I only wish someone had told us at the start—or before.

"This letter seems to be all about me, instead of about the Guides—but I think perhaps you can picture what this sort of life is like for them, from what I have told you. They take it all as a great adventure, those who are in it—but we have as many children as possible evacuated, of course, and then their lives are much more according to normal routine.

"It is amazing how useful the camp training is proving. One company of quite young Guides has been doing the entire cooking for over a hundred homeless people, in the back yard of a chapel, using wood from the bombed houses as fuel. Others have been doing valuable work preparing empty, long-derelict houses as hostels and rest centers. Of course they are all working hard at the usual service jobs—knitting, growing vegetables, collecting salvage, etc. Some have had terrible experiences, like the ten-year-old Brownie who was trapped in the cellar with her nine-year-old friend when the whole house fell in, but managed to scabble a hole somehow and, dragging the other child with her, emerged before the astounded superintendent of the rescue squad, saying calmly, 'It's all right, man—we're here.' She was taken to a friend's house and put to bed, and an hour later was blown out of bed again by another blast. Her mother wrote me apologetically, 'She makes rather a fuss now when she hears a siren.' So, I feel, should I; wouldn't you? All the same, when a medical commission toured the public shelters to comb out and send to the country the children suffering physically or mentally from war conditions, they found only six in all London they could reasonably certify for sending

away. A tough bunch of youngsters, they must be!

"I wonder if you will ever get this letter. It has been, somehow, a rest to write it, because I have been thinking of you reading it in a place where these things still don't happen. We shall stick it out, come what may, but it's nice to think that there are still countries where the lighted windows shine out into the darkness, and you can go to bed every night in pajamas—funny how the little things tell, like that! But it's worth it all, and every other devilish torture that may be coming, to keep freedom for the future. Dying won't hurt us as much as living with minds in chains would hurt these gallant, magnificent children, who are standing up to it all better than any of us older ones. . . ."

THE FAIR GOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

spite of his brave words, however, Montezuma was still afraid. He had denied the godhood of the newcomers, but in his heart he still believed in it.

"Throw out your old gods which are evil, and put the images we have brought with us on your altars," demanded Cortez.

"We will not talk about such matters!" answered Montezuma, dissembling his anger.

His people were not so careful to hide their feelings. "Get rid of these strangers! Get rid of them—they are only men!" they urged.

Montezuma cautioned, "We must move slowly. The fair ones are very wise. Remember how they discovered our plans at Cholula." Yet he, too, had decided to get rid of the visitors and was making secret plans to kill them, all in good time.

Cortez was quick to note the increasing rudeness of the Aztec people. He and his Spanish followers were few among many. He guessed much of what was being planned, and he surprised a crafty expression on the face of Montezuma himself which led him to swift action.

Like a thundercloud, he approached the Aztec chieftain, his eyes darting lightnings. At the fierceness of his gaze Montezuma quailed. The anger of one who may be a god is no easy thing to face—and a man cannot lie to the all-knowing.

"You have tried to trick us," cried Cortez. "I know well it was you who plotted against us at Cholula. Now once again you are plotting to destroy us. All these things I understand—and much more!"

Only a god would dare to speak to a mighty ruler in such fashion, thought Montezuma, more than ever afraid.

"If you wish to prevent the ruin of this city," continued Cortez, "you must come with us now and remain with us. If you refuse, or if you raise the least alarm, one of my captains will kill you instantly."

The old story of the return of the Fair God was hammering at Montezuma's heart. "This is the year of his coming," he thought now. "This is the year! These must be indeed the sons of the Sun. What use to go against fate? What use? What use?"

"Very well," he said aloud. "Send the chieftains to me." And when they came, he said, "I am going at the wish of the gods to live with them."

At the words the chieftains looked long at one another. They, too, were thinking that the old, old story was moving fast toward its

(Continued on page 33)



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THE FAIR GOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

ending—the doom of the Aztecs. Weeping, they watched their leader depart. Montezuma, too, wept. "It may be that if I go peaceably it will be better for the tribes," he murmured. And in his heart he may have hoped it would be better for himself.

AFTER he had gone to dwell with the Spaniards, Montezuma sent word to the priests—to their great anger—to stop all bloody sacrifices in the temples, and to put there the images the Spaniards had brought, alongside the old gods. Next came word that the people should swear loyalty to the king across the sea, and that gifts should be collected throughout the land for the Spanish monarch.

In vain did the priests send angry protests, especially concerning the new gods, as they called the images brought from Spain. "Unless these newcomers go away," they warned, "the gods of the Aztecs will themselves leave this land!"

Montezuma listened in silence. There was nothing, he felt, he could do. Then some curious news came to his ears and for a time gave him hope. Other white-winged boats had reached the seashore, it was reported, and in them were five times as many Spaniards as were now in Montezuma's city. The newcomers declared they, too, came from the king across the sea; and they said, also, that their king was angry with Cortez, and that they had orders to capture or kill him.

Cortez, however, gave Montezuma no clue as to how he took the news. He came to say good-by before going to meet the newcomers in battle. "In a little time I shall come back victorious," he declared.

Cortez left only a small group behind, to guard the prisoner. From the messengers who still came to him, Montezuma learned that the priests and his own people had lost all faith in him. "It does not matter," he thought. "Nothing matters now. It is the year of doom!"

Meanwhile the priests were urging the people to revolt against the few white men left among them, and they made more and bloodier sacrifices than before to the old gods in the temples. Somehow the Spaniards with Montezuma had learned what was being planned and, as Cortez had done, they struck first. But the aroused Aztecs could not be intimidated. Step by step they drove the Spaniards back, until at length they were besieged in the palace with their royal prisoner.

Their supplies were soon exhausted. "Order food," they told Montezuma. "We are starving." But the Aztec emperor, who before had done everything the Spaniards demanded, now refused even to answer them. He lifted his head to hear the howling Aztecs flinging themselves at the very doors of the palace. Soon they would be inside, to rescue him and destroy the white men.

But just as he looked for the palace doors to burst open, the howling suddenly changed and became a long moaning cry. An Aztec had come from the mainland to the besiegers with terrible news. Cortez was returning! Cortez! He had conquered the white men at the seaside and some of the conquered ones were returning with him, serving him gladly.

Inside the palace the besieged men heard the sound of Spanish trumpets, the thunder of drums. Louder, clearer came the trumpets,

(Continued on page 36)



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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

BACKGROUND OF BATTLE

For more than two centuries the people of an extraordinary nation lived, isolated, on Pacific islands off the east coast of Asia. These people—the ancestors of the modern Japanese—considered themselves descendants of gods. From 1638 until 1853, theirs was a hermit country cut off from the outside world lest aliens profane their island homes. No foreigners were allowed to live there except the Dutch in a small trading post. Even those few Hollanders were permitted to do business only on condition that they go through monkeylike antics at certain public festivals—pos-



turings, gestures, and grimaces, confirming preconceived Japanese notions that all aliens were grotesque white devils.

Out of these ancient convictions of racial superiority, out of this hostility toward foreigners, there still flows a strong stream of prejudice, swelling the turbulent river of modern Japanese thought.

Another stream pouring into that river is a way of thinking now sometimes called "the samurai code." During shut-in centuries, the Nipponese were split into three classes: the noble families, the samurai (hereditary soldiers), and the great mass of the common people. The samurai were expert killers. They were frugal, stoical, cruel, fanatically indifferent to dying. Their ruthless code spread through Japan—and its influence is still powerful today.

Toward the middle of the nineteenth century, certain farseeing and influential Japanese began to realize that their country might gain more through commerce with aliens, and by taking over alien ideas, than through scornful hostility.

Japanese acceptance of foreigners really began with the visits of an American, Commodore Perry, in 1853 and 1854. Perry's visits led to Japan's agreeing to receive American envoys charged with safeguarding American rights. Our second envoy, Mr. Townsend Harris of New York City, was an adept at patient diplomacy. In spite of rebuffs, delays, and deceitful tricks, he persevered until he and certain ruling Japanese had worked out a detailed trade treaty acceptable to their government and to ours.

That treaty started a growing commerce be-

tween the two nations. Mr. Harris saw more and more money find its way into Nipponese pockets. It was he—ironic thought, today!—who told the Japanese how they could build and maintain the navy they had begun to dream about. "Put tariffs on your imports," was the gist of his advice, "and you can afford a navy."

Later, the Japanese were urged along their new road by a dynamic ruler, the Emperor Mutsuhito. He told them to "discard all absurd, ancient usages." The hermit nation emerged from feudalism at dizzy speed. Transformed, largely modernized, it fought two victorious wars—one with China in 1894-1895, one with Russia in 1904-1905. Americans, for the most part, watched Japan's growing strength with friendly eyes. Strange as it may seem in the light of today's events, during the Russo-Japanese war American sympathy was overwhelmingly on the side of the Nipponese.

With the passing of years causes of friction came, for the Japanese were moving toward a policy of smash-and-grab. When, in 1931, they began their invasion of Manchuria (then part of China), the United States voiced dismayed protests. Six years later, Japan plunged into her long attempt to end China's life as a nation, and thereby brought Japanese-American relations to a low ebb. But we still hoped and worked for peace.

Nippon, however, turned her back on us. She joined the German-Italian Axis. Within her borders the fires of an arrogant and greedy nationalism were burning higher and hotter. Fuel was heaped on by thousands of German "advisers." Well informed Americans began to realize that if Japan struck at us, German planning and German hate would lend added force to the blow.

Steadily the Japanese-American breach widened. It grew so broad that we sent one of our ablest commanders, General Douglas MacArthur (sketched at left above), back to his old post, Manila. General MacArthur had taken the lead, long before, in urging Philippine preparedness. He had foreseen a Far-Eastern struggle at a time when many others had failed to do so. He attempted to get ready for defense with forces weak in numbers but strong in spirit.

Now that the conflict he predicted is raging, we can feel proud that we tried to avoid it. Even after the undeclared Chino-Japanese war had dragged on for four years, most Americans—if polls of public opinion can be trusted—still hoped for peace between their country and Japan. Our Government was asking for peace at the very moment when Japan's real answer—expressed in sudden deeds—arrived. That answer was the stab in the back at Pearl Harbor.

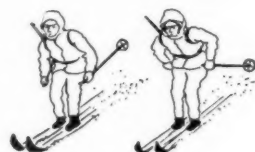
SKIS ARE IN THE ARMY NOW

Skiing is a glorious sport. But probably most of our young men, who in previous winters were gliding down hills for the mere joy of it, would have been amazed if they had been told that the skill they were acquiring might one day be used in their country's war effort. Now, for some time, they have known this. The Finns taught us a lesson. Our War Department has purchased forty-three thousand pairs of skis, with accessories, for use in our Army camps in the fifteen States which lie in our "snow belt." The skiers, grouped in squads, are now receiving special, intensive training.

Experiment has proved that in snow-covered country a man on skis can move four times as fast as a man on foot—and speed and mobility are of the utmost importance in war.

Skiing for sport is quite a different matter from Army skiing. For one thing, there's a marked difference in the equipment. To qualify as a white-clad combat skier, a soldier must know how to balance a pack on his back while moving swiftly across uneven country. He must be able to fire a rifle while kneeling or lying down. The knack of scooping out a "nest" in the snow, in which to hide himself and his gun, should be one of his accomplishments. Once inside this hollow, he must quickly cover both the nest and himself with a white sheet. He gets ready to fire through a bound slit in the sheet. If a sled is used for carrying supplies, the sheet provided is large enough to cover that also.

Skiing is something of a trick to learn, but our soldiers, through steady application, are



said to be acquiring skill faster than the average sportsman does.

For sleeping in the open in winter cold, the Army supplies its men with sleeping bags filled with down. Warm as these are, guards with flash lights move from man to man during the night, to make sure that if a nose is white from frostbite it is treated at once. In fact, the guard himself briskly rubs the nose to bring back circulation.

Skiing for one's country is not soft work, but according to an Army instructor our men's attitude toward it is that of a child playing with a new toy.

ARE YOU IN FIGHTING TRIM?

Our war emergency has underscored the need for fitness, both physical and mental, on the home front as well as on the battle lines. Physical fitness among American women and girls has an able and ardent advocate in Miss Alice Marble, former national women's tennis champion.

Miss Marble is now assistant director of physical fitness in the Office of Civilian Defense. For the greater part of her life she has been practicing what she is now preaching. Unusually active as a child, she began to play tennis when very young. Through skill and through persistence for many years she drew close to the top. Then she suffered a breakdown in health. This was so severe that her doctors feared her tennis career was over. But she herself hoped that by rigidly following a self-imposed course of training she might regain the lost ground.

After months of patient effort, her health and strength did return. She was able to play tennis again—and eventually won the national championship. She attributes her comeback to systematic exercise which, she has



grown to feel, is a fairly general need in the too sedentary lives of many of her countrywomen.

Any woman planning to start a program of exercise, she holds, should first have a complete physical examination. If the doctor says "Go ahead!", the woman seeking physical training can herself map out a schedule which should vary according to her age, her income, the free time at her disposal, and her natural inclination.

Miss Marble says that neither she nor any of the teachers under her supervision insist on any one type of exercise. Some women and girls can quite happily—and therefore profitably—go through morning setting up exercises in front of an open window. Others find such lonely gymnastics a bore, prefer some kind of competitive sport. But there's one rule that applies to everybody—namely, that occasional violent exercise is much less beneficial than daily systematic exercise of a gentler sort.

Many people, Miss Marble finds, keep up open-air training in summer, but tend merely to "sit around" in winter. Such a radical change of habits is plainly unhealthful for anybody.

Miss Marble is impatient, she says, with girls and women who, by wearing tight, binding clothes and high heels, show their bodies scant respect. Such women, she believes, are far from being useful—rather they are a drag on the wheels of defense.

Her organization has been looking for—and often finding—school auditoriums, gymnasiums, and armories where classes of women can be given calisthenic drills. "Good spirits and a strong will to win," Miss Marble will tell you, "play a big part in an all-out war effort. And they depend largely on physical fitness."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

bolder were the drums, and then they heard the *clap, clap* of horses' feet. There was a jingle of spurs and they heard the voice of Cortez—the Fair One had returned.

Montezuma sent one of his attendants to Cortez at once with a message. "Tell him I am very sad," he instructed the messenger, "at what has happened during his absence. Being a prisoner, I was, of course, helpless."

But already Cortez had been told how the Aztec chief had refused to order food to be sent into the palace during the siege. "Montezuma is a dog!" he cried angrily.

The attendant carried that message to the Aztecs who were gathering once more outside. For some reason, the word "dog" was the final flick needed to raise their courage. With savage yells, they fitted their arrows to their bows to give battle to the invaders.

With Cortez leading, the Spaniards rushed among them, fighting, only to be driven inside the palace again and again. For days the battle continued and success was more and more with the Aztecs, until at last Cortez decided he must sue for peace. He himself went to Montezuma.

"Go up on the roof and order your people to cease fighting," he commanded. "If you will do this, we will leave your city."

Montezuma did not raise his eyes. "I shall not go," he said stubbornly.

Cortez stood silent, his arms folded. Like

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"Where?" asked Lena incredulously. She was skeptical, even with the gold and scarlet of bare shining willow and cherry wands before her eyes. Winter was born.

"Oh, look, there goes a rabbit," cried Kate. "Hold up Lindalee so she can see. Bunny, honey, bunny!"

"Woof, woof," said Lindalee, pointing a small finger after the plunging cottontail. She was wearing a little pink suit Aunt Maud had knitted and her white face and big dark eyes looked fairylike.

"She insists on saying *woof, woof*," complained Lena. "She thinks everything's a dog."

"Woof, woof," repeated Lindalee gleefully.

"She's so precious," sighed Kate. "And I can hardly wait to know what the doctor will say. I'm sure it will be something good. Everything seems so good to-day. How are your mother's sweaters coming along, by the way, Joel?"

"She's had an order for another dozen," said Joel. "It worries her a little, with only Ruth to help—and Ruth in school part of the time. It's a big job, and Mother's really not quite herself yet."

"It's the most wonderful goal," Kate said solemnly, "making a real industry for this town. I'm working with every bit of energy I have toward the same thing. To have hundreds of rabbits and lots of spinning wheels and, later, looms; and to teach folks how to knit and spin and weave. Folks that haven't a thing to do now, like my friend Rachel—and Lena. Wouldn't it be grand for them to have access to a real, dignified, beautiful profession?"

"I don't care for knittin', never did," said Lena disappointingly.

"We could revive the old crafts and make the town worth something," cried Kate, ignoring the splash of cold water. "Wouldn't

THE FAIR GOD

the small hunted creature before the serpent, Montezuma felt his gaze drawn toward the Spaniard. Finally, unable to resist longer, he looked into the white man's eyes and nodded his surrender. "I will go." So with Spaniards on either side to protect him, he climbed to the roof, and at the sight of their leader, the Aztecs ceased their rain of arrows.

Perhaps Montezuma knew that he was looking upon his people for the last time. His words were full of sorrow, and he spoke not as a leader, but rather as one dazed by great fear. "Be grateful for the good I have done you. Lay down your arms. For every man you kill, you lose two thousand. They offer peace."

Once his word had been law. Now it was not so. One of the chiefs answered him, "Forgive us! We have vowed to the Aztec gods not to stop until the white ones all are dead. We pray every day that you be guarded and saved. And if we are victorious, you shall be our leader again."

Suddenly the word "Coward!" was hurled at Montezuma and an arrow sped toward the roof. The Aztec ruler staggered and was carried inside, wounded by his own people. "No," he said, when the Spaniards would have dressed his wound, "let me die." And to himself he thought, "It is the end. It is the doom of the Aztec race, the triumph of the Fair God!"

So Montezuma died. And soon after his

SKY RABBITS *Unlimited*

it be wonderful if we could do that, Joel?"

"That's what Mother thinks," said Joel. "She has dozens of things in the back of her head, about natural dyes and such. It always sounded pretty impractical and windy to me. But—I don't know. Seeing how Fritz takes to that spinning wheel—do you know, that boy's really good!"

"And even his mother admits he's healthier," rejoiced Kate. "Why—we're almost to Denver!"

They emerged from the mountains and began the swift bowl over the plains down a straight highway beset by filling stations, suburban cottages, and orchards. The city lay smudged in blue ahead of them.

"Here's the ad-dress," said Lena, taking a bit of paper out of her bag. "Rocky Mountain Building, four hundred and ten Sixteenth Street."

"Dr. Edward Fischer," added Kate raptly, "the very best pediatrician in the West. My, it was kind of your father to write to him and get us an appointment, and tell him all about us and everything!"

"I'll drop you here," said Joel when they came to the Rocky Mountain Building. "and do my business and come back after you. Good luck!"

"I'm sure it will be," Kate said earnestly. She took the baby from Lena and carried her, adjusting the little head comfortably against her shoulder. How she loved that small arm that tightened around her neck! She looked back and waved at Joel, who peered somewhat somberly at them as he waited for the traffic light to change.

"Golly, I'm scared," whispered Lena, as they rode up in the elevator.

"Scared?" repeated Kate. And then, as they went into the waiting room, she began to be scared, too.

The waiting room was large and filled with

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death, the old legend was fulfilled, at least in part. For while the Aztecs did triumph for a little and Cortez with his men was driven from the city, that triumph was short-lived. Once again the Spaniards returned, and this time with yet more white men and more Indian allies, and still led by Cortez, the "son of the Sun." And from that day on, the Spaniards settled in the land and became the rulers of the country.

If the legend of the Fair God had not spread awe and fear of white men among the Aztecs, the history of the New World might have been different. As it was, the treasure which Montezuma had sent to the seashore, to keep Cortez and his men from marching toward his city, had been sent to Spain before Cortez destroyed his ships. Sight of that treasure had fired Spain to the greatest treasure hunt the world has ever known. Everyone who could manage to do so, prepared to sail to the New World.

To the old search for the riches of Cathay, of Prester John, and of Kublai Khan, was now added a search for cities filled with treasure such as the Aztecs had possessed—and the men who were seeking such cities at once declared themselves to be gods. In that search new legends sprang up like weeds, while men gave their strength and their lives to finding words which, in the main, were nothing more than shining will-o'-the-wisps.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

babies and children, against a background of dull and self-conscious adults. All of them stared at Lindalee, and Kate looked jealously back at the other children. It seemed as if they all were so large and fat and red. All but one, who had something wrong with him and whose heavy head fell forward on his narrow chest.

"Mrs. Transim?" inquired the smiling nurse.

They followed her into a small room with a high table and ducks marching around the wall. Here they waited again. Kate absently amused Lindalee by putting on the small knitted cap and making faces; but her heart pounded heavily.

The minutes passed, and so did many footsteps. Doctors' voices, nurses' voices roused hope and then defeated it. Lindalee began to whimper with weariness and bewilderment.

At last a nurse came in and told them to take off the baby's dress. She weighed Lindalee, to the baby's frightened wonder, and measured her. And then the doctor came. He had beautiful white hair and gentle blue eyes. He looked to Kate like an elderly angel.

"And this is the little girl?" he asked, glancing at Mr. Ronca's letter in his hand. "This is Lindalee?"

He took up Lindalee, who wasn't even frightened. He went over her with utter gentleness, examining her white, thin body. He seemed to grow very tired as he went on. "The child has had a fall?" he asked, turning to Kate.

"Yes," Kate murmured. "Eight months ago. But nothing seemed to happen. Oh, Doctor—"

"The case can be treated," said the doctor. "Probably very successfully. Of course we'll have to have x-rays. There was an injury, and probably afterwards tuberculosis."

"Oh!" gasped Kate. Through her daze she

heard quite clearly what the doctor said to them as they waited for Lindalee to be x-rayed.

When they went out into the waiting room again, Joel was there. He scrutinized Kate's face, and then came quickly, dropping his magazine. "Let me take her," he said.

He had never carried the baby before, Kate thought detachedly. He'd never really noticed Lindalee.

They were silent as the elevator dropped to the street level, except for Lena's stifled sobs. The car was waiting at the curb. Joel helped them in. "What is it, Kate?" he asked then.

"It's tuberculosis of the spine," answered Kate tonelessly.

"But that can be overcome, can't it? There are ways they can cure it?" Joel asked.

Lena's sobs grew louder.

"Yes. There are treatments, and I know

he'd practically give them to us, he's so kind. But that's no good without a brace."

"Well?"

"And a brace would cost fifty dollars."

Lindalee, curled like a wilted flower in her mother's lap, murmured sleepily.

"Only—only fifty dollars?" said Joel.

"Only fifty dollars," echoed Kate, in a quite different tone. "But we'll get it. I'll get it. I'll get the fifty dollars, Lena, and Lindalee will be all right. I know your folks will help me sell the rabbits, won't they, Joel?"

Joel nodded helplessly. But Kate felt a fierce exhilaration. She was able to do this. Her working and her dreaming would build a bridge to health for Lindalee, even though her own future was as far away as ever, beyond a chasm she could not cross.

(To be continued)

JANEY VERSUS THE NEW ORDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

somehow, what she was saying concerned more than just Sophia, more than just the Girl Scouts of West Haven. She was surprised at her own words, and, as the other Scouts met her eyes when she was through, she knew that they, too, were surprised, but that each girl within herself felt as she did.

"I guess that's all I can say," she finished. "We'll go now."

"So now you don't come back, this time?" Sophia taunted.

Janey met her gaze. "We'll keep on coming."

"Now I've made her mad," she confided to Mac and Candy outside, "and we'll never get any place. I don't know what made me talk that way."

"You were right," Mac said. "It's what we were all thinking."

"But it won't put us any further ahead," Janey groaned.

When she came into the hall of her home there was a note on the telephone table to call Tad. She did, without enthusiasm, and somehow the sound of his cheerful voice only made her more depressed.

"Red? Hiya, Stupid—listen, I've got an idea for you at last. Remember that Polish flier I said was coming here? Well, why don't you drag Sophia to the thing?"

"Thanks very much," Janey said, "but I don't see what good it would do. I had to give her a lecture myself this afternoon. I don't think lectures will help."

"This one might," he persisted. "Anything's worth trying, isn't it?"

"I suppose so. We can ask her to go, anyway. But she probably won't."

Nor would she. "I know what he will say," she told Janey. "The old things. The same old things. What is the use to hear it?"

Janey and the other girls went and they were all captivated by Stefan Dehn, the young Polish flier. He was tall and fair-haired and handsome. He walked with a limp, but somehow that only added to his attraction. But when he started to speak, his audience forgot his person and found themselves where his words took them, in the gray skies of dawn, in the moonless skies of night, in the company of men brave because they were unconscious of bravery. They heard of Poland's struggle and of the men who fought against insurmountable odds, and there was none who was not touched.

It was while Janey was surreptitiously wiping her eyes that she had her great inspiration and held a hurried, whispered consultation with the girls, then slipped across the aisle to where she had spotted Mrs. Saunders. A moment later she was backstage, begging to be introduced to Stefan Dehn by Tad.

Janeylike, she came to her point at once. "Mr. Dehn, would you do a favor for another Pole?"

He smiled, and his light brows went up. "Certainly."

"Then would you give your speech over again—in private?"

He looked puzzled. "My speech?"

"I think it would help so much," Janey plunged on, "if you only would." And then she was telling him about Sophia—the whole story—and he was listening with interest.

"So, Miss Lewis, you think for me to repeat what she already knows too well would make a difference?"

"Maybe. Mrs. Saunders didn't think it would, but she said if you were willing to try—"

He grinned at her. "As soon as I have my hat, then."

"He's nice," she whispered to Tad.

Tad scowled. "Are you sure this is pure altruism?"

Janey went alone with the aviator to Sophia. They found her in the living room, listening to dance music on the radio while Mrs. Cermak knitted.

Janey made the introductions, and the flier crossed first to Mrs. Cermak and greeted her in Polish, "*Jak sie pani ma?*" and kissed her hand. He limped across the room to Sophia, "*Bardzo Miło,*" and lifted her hand, too, but she drew it quickly away.

In English she said, "Is it any use to keep up such foolish customs?"

"Perhaps not," he said quietly. "This young lady thought you would be interested in my talk and brought me here to give it again."

Mrs. Cermak cried, "Oh, I wanted so much to hear you!"

"You do not need to hear, *Pani*."

"And neither do I," Sophia said. "I am tired of speeches."

Janey thought she looked tired of everything to-night; her eyes were dark and shadowed, her face drawn and weary.

"No, you do not need it, either," agreed the young aviator.

"I need nothing from anyone," Sophia said.

"Not you—but you have a child?"

(Continued on page 39)



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN

A "MOTHER-AND-DAUGHTER LIPSTICK?"



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Lydia and Louise

By Cynthia Hathaway

My two great-grandmothers,
Lydia and Louise—
Do they stroll together
Under Heavenly trees?

Louise was a lady
In the Southern style,
With skin like honey
And a warm, slow smile.
She didn't lift a finger
Around the house,
She'd have paled and trembled
At the thought of a mouse.



Lydia was a lady,
The New England kind,
With strong, clever fingers
And a strong, clever mind.
Her cakes were the envy
Of the neighborhood.
You always knew with Lydia
Just where you stood.

Have they met in Heaven?
Do they like each other?
My great-grandmother Lydia,
And Louise, my great-grandmother.

Decoration by W. M. BERGER



JANEY VERSUS THE NEW ORDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

"Josef." There was no softening in her face as she said the little boy's name.

"Listen to me," Stefan Dehn said. "I know what is wrong with you. You are trying too hard to hate the world. You love your child, but you are afraid to love him. You fear you will lose him, as you lost others you loved. You are afraid to love those who have helped you, for fear they will meet the fate of your other friends. You are afraid to love this country because another country you loved is, for the time, lost. You think if you substitute hate for love you can never be hurt again, and that if you take without giving, you will lose nothing. You are wrong, Sophia Pryczek! You can't do without loving. Only mad men and dead men and men who are born without hearts can do without it. You are human, and humans must love each other or destroy themselves."

Sophia said nothing and he went on, "You named your son Josef. Why? Was it perhaps for our Pilsudski who made victory of defeat for Poland? Have you forgotten Marie Curie and Paderewski? Have you forgotten Kosciuszko and Pulaski who loved freedom so well they helped another country to gain it? If you can truly say you have forgotten those of your people who have died, and those of your people who are living, then you are lost, and nothing else."

Sophia said nothing, only raised her hand to her face as though to ward off his words.

The flier turned to Mrs. Cermak. "I am afraid I must go now for my train. *Spodziewam sie zeszcie znów spotkam*—I hope we may meet again."

Still without a word Sophia turned and went past him to the stairs, but as she went Janey saw a brightness glitter in her eyes.

"She's crying," she thought. "Oh, let it mean that there's hope!"

THE girls had not seen Sophia in the weeks since the night of Stefan Dehn's visit, but Mrs. Saunders had received a note from her, saying she would no longer need the help of the girls in caring for Josef.

"Didn't she explain why?" they asked.

Mrs. Saunders said, "No, she didn't."

"Doesn't Mrs. Cermak know why?"

"She doesn't seem to."

"But what will Sophia do about Josef? Has she a job?"

Mrs. Saunders shook her head, but Janey felt she knew and was in some way afraid to tell them. And then Sophia herself dropped a bombshell, figuratively speaking, into the group. She invited the girls who had taken care of Josef, and the members of Tad's troop, to a party at Mrs. Cermak's house.

"But why ask Tad's troop?" Candy demanded, when their first stunned surprise had passed.

Janey said, "I'm not sure. I have an idea—only I wouldn't want to commit myself if it's wrong."

It rained Saturday, but floods could not have prevented the girls from arriving promptly at seven with the boys. They had to wait a few moments and then, just as they were wondering if it were all a trick, the door flew open and out whirled a figure which made them gasp with amazement. It was Sophia—but a Sophia they hardly recognized. Her long, fair hair was braided about her

head, her cheeks were glowing; she was not merely pretty, she was beautiful. She wore a costume so brilliant it almost hurt their eyes to look at it. A skirt figured in the gayest colors and patterns; a bodice embroidered in brilliant reds and greens and blues, with lacing up the front and white embroidered sleeves; a fringed shawl even gayer than the skirt; and strings and strings of beads.

"*Witazj! Witazj!* Welcome! Welcome!" she cried, and reached out her hands toward Janey, who was first in the procession.

Then they were all inside and Sophia was excitedly trying to give attention to each at once. The living room was festive with decorations of paper cutouts of animals and people and processions in which the paraders carried aloft sacred images, delicate and fanciful creations.

"Always for weddings and holidays and such times these are made," Sophia said. "It is very hard—but so beautiful. Aunt Mary made these."

She laid her hand on the shoulder of Mrs. Cermak, who sat in her wheel chair with a gay shawl over her shoulders and Josef on her lap. The little boy, too, was in costume—white wool trousers with striped seams, a blouse and waistcoat thickly embroidered, a tiny cape encrusted with embroidery.

"See," Sophia cried, still in high excitement, "we are both of us—Josef and I—dressed in the costumes of Gorales, mountaineers. This is one Aunt Mary had; Josef's she made. She is so good to us. And here—" she pulled aside the curtains to the dining room, "is our feast."

The table was spread with a lace cloth so delicate that it looked like cut paper itself, and with strange dishes, tiny fishes in sauces, hard-cooked eggs stuffed into their half shells.

"This is *zakanski*—Polish appetizers," Sophia explained. "Oh, a meal that is Easter and Christmas and the wedding feast in one—*borscht* made with fifteen kinds of vegetables. And *bigos*, the favorite peasant dish—veal with sour cream; and *mazureks*—they are filled pastries—and finally a great *baba*, such cake as you have never tasted." Her eyes were dancing with pleasure.

"But," Janey began, "but Sophia—this—gosh, we're overcome! Won't you explain?"

Sophia laughed delightedly. "There are so many reasons. I have been so—" she grimaced—"so bad. This is to ask you to forgive me. You understood, but I would not let you understand. Now I am better. I have a job. A little girl cares for Josef in the afternoons. Aunt Mary has let me stay here, but I am giving her board. It is, as you would say, only fair."

Mac cried, "Oh, Sophia!"

"But wait—something else. I have applied for my first papers. I will be an American now. A Polish-American—of two great countries. And Josef," she lifted the child into her arms, "he, too, will be an American. Better than I. For look at the color of his hair. It is red. That is for courage. One of you who has hair like this had the courage to speak the truth to me."

"But I—I made you angry," Janey stammered.

"You did," Sophia smiled. "It was good that I was angry. So was I angry when—" She stopped, smiling mysteriously. "There is still another reason for this celebration. Do you mind if you must wait—until it arrives?"

"What does she mean?" Tad whispered to



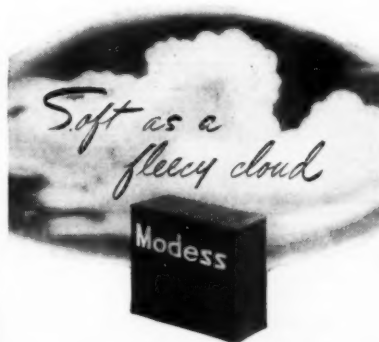
**Lucy studied every day
And almost every night.
But on the day she took exams
She wasn't very bright.**

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Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Yes"



(ANSWER ON NEXT PAGE)

RULES for "NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMICS CONTEST

The girl who submits the most appropriate title for the month's "Name-Your-Own" Comic will receive a BOOK as a prize.

-:-

The title must fit the picture. Brevity will be a point in favor of any title. Each competitor may send as many as she chooses. Please *print* the titles and include *only* your name, address, age, and date on the same sheet of paper. Address your entries to the "Name-Your-Own" Comics Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Entries must be mailed not later than February fifteenth.

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Janey. "I'm so hungry after looking at that spread I could eat my shoes."

"Pig," Janey said. "Don't you know?"

"I think I do," Candy said. "It's—"

"Shh," Janey said. "Let him find out."

There was a knock at the door, and Sophia went to answer it. Stefan Dehn entered.

Sophia took his hand and led him to the center of the room. "Here is the other reason. Most of you have heard Stefan speak. Only one of you has heard the harsh things he said to me. It hurt me, that. But when I thought of it afterward, and when I thought of what Miss Janey Lewis said—I began to come back to life."

"Like all women," Stefan Dehn said with a grin, "she is going the long way around. What she wants to tell you is that she is engaged to me now."

At first no one spoke, and then everyone was talking at once, shaking hands with the

couple, congratulating them and laughing. "Well," Tad said, "you fixed everything up all right, Red, but look at the spot you put a good man in." He glanced at Stefan, who had taken Josef from Sophia and was holding him. "It just proves," he went on, "no matter what good deed a woman does, she always has a trick up her sleeve."

"I didn't have anything to do with it," Janey said. But there was a satisfied gleam in the eyes that gazed on Sophia and Stefan, and then, as she remembered that Stefan would be going back again to his squadron and thought of the courage it must have taken for Sophia to love again where she knew she might lose, she looked quickly at the floor.

Mac whispered, "What's wrong with you?" "I have something in my eye," Janey said with dignity. "Didn't you ever hear of a person getting something in her eye, doggone it?"

GOOD NEIGHBORS and OLD FRIENDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

quantities of foodstuffs from the Canal Zone for the sufferers. The American Navy, following its long tradition, had again carried out a humanitarian mission.

But the United States Navy is not the only American organization that has earned the gratitude of Latin America through friendliness and helpfulness. In practically every field of work there have been unselfish, idealistic Americans who have performed great services in Latin America without any expectation of reward.

In 1865, on May 15, a dignified-looking man landed in New York from Argentina. His name was Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, Minister Plenipotentiary in Washington and one of the greatest admirers the United States has ever had. President Lincoln had been killed one month before, and this had saddened Sarmiento. A week later he was in Washington and saw Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan. Two weeks later he was in Richmond, visiting the battlefield and gravely thinking of the changes that were going to take place in this country.

On a visit to Concord, New Hampshire, in October, he met Ralph Waldo Emerson and saw Mrs. Mary Peabody Mann, the widow of Horace Mann, the great American educator. Mann and Sarmiento had met on a previous visit of the Argentinian to the United States. In his own country Sarmiento had been appalled by the lack of schools and the ignorance of most people. He had realized that no nation can expect to be great if its people are illiterate. When Sarmiento first knew Horace Mann, the latter had just returned from a long trip through Europe and had been impressed by what he had seen in the Old World, especially oral instruction, advanced methods for teaching children to read and write, and the elimination of corporal punishment in the German schools. Of these things the two great men had talked for hours on end.

When Sarmiento visited Mrs. Mann at Concord a firm resolution was born in his mind. He decided to invite a number of American schoolteachers, normal-school graduates, to go to Argentina and train Argentine teachers in American methods. Eventually this was done, and a group of forty American young women went south to Buenos Aires about sixty years ago. Those forty unselfish and de-

voted American teachers built up the Argentine normal school system. For years and years they worked, many of them in small places, without the comforts of American home life, for small salaries. Patiently they taught their students, at first with difficulty because of the language, how to teach children. And their pupils became teachers and spread the good work.

Under Sarmiento, who became president of Argentina after his return from the United States, education took a long step forward in his country. Everywhere he could, he opened up new schools. Every dollar he could save from other government expenses he used to buy books and equipment for those schools. And into each one of those schools went as teachers the young men and women whom the Americans had trained.

Most of those forty young ladies remained in Argentina where they won the respect, admiration, and gratitude of everyone who knew them. Many a normal school in that South American country bears the name of one of them. The last of the whole group died in Buenos Aires, a silver-haired old lady, only a few years ago. Old men and women who had been her pupils were at the funeral, along with government officials and hundreds of young people who were being taught by the new generation of teachers, following the principles handed down from one generation to another according to her original teachings.

But still it is not only in the fields of humanitarian help and of education that Americans have been truly "Good Neighbors." In sanitation, for instance, Americans have done good service in Latin America. Scientists, doctors, researchers, laboratory assistants, engineers, and other workers have fought and conquered the scourge of yellow fever in Cuba, in Central America, in Brazil, in Argentina.

Before 1918, no ship captain wanted to stop at the port of Guayaquil, in Ecuador, on the Pacific coast of South America. For years and years yellow fever and bubonic plague had made Guayaquil a very unsafe place. And if a ship stopped at Guayaquil, it would have to go into quarantine the moment it touched a port in another country—that is, the vessel would have to anchor outside the port for a few days, be thoroughly fumigated and have all the crew examined by doctors, to make sure that no germs got through and brought disease to the people ashore. This quarantine is a very expensive thing, because it costs the

shipowners hundreds of dollars a day to run a steamer. For that reason there was little trade through the port of Guayaquil.

But in 1918 the government of Ecuador decided to improve sanitation and open the port of Guayaquil to all ships of the world, with safety. The Rockefeller Foundation was asked to supply sanitation engineers, doctors, and technicians. These Americans went to Guayaquil and helped make it a safe and healthy place to live. Pestilential swamps were drained or covered with oil to kill the mosquitoes. Sewers and other works were built in the city, and the bubonic plague disappeared. Soon ships started to call at Guayaquil, and the port was placed on the safe list by the other nations. To-day it is a regular port of call for the steamers that go to Chile, down the west coast of South America.

The Rockefeller Foundation has been asked by several other Latin American governments, too, to exterminate the plague-carrying mosquitoes and, through the assistance given by the Foundation, extensive fumigation, vaccination, cleaning, and preventive work in general have been carried out. In places where formerly almost everybody suffered from the terrible disease, there are now clean little towns where people live and work, free from any worry about yellow fever.

When airplanes started crossing from Africa to South America, big African mosquitoes came hidden in the cargo, and soon there were outbreaks of yellow fever of a new type in Brazil. Again American scientists worked alongside their Brazilian friends to put an end to the menace.

The fight against yellow fever, which claimed thousands of victims in other days, showed how Americans of North America and of South America were cooperating in the war against disease and suffering. In 1888 the Cuban physician, Dr. Carlos Finlay, had suggested that yellow fever was transmitted by mosquitoes. Doctors in the United States and in Latin America immediately set to work to discover some way for curing and preventing this plague. Twelve years later, in 1900,

a commission of American and Cuban doctors finally proved that Dr. Finlay was right—and that was the beginning of the never-ending fight against the mosquito which is being carried out throughout the Western Hemisphere.

UNTIL the outbreak of war in our own country, Americans who could not go to Europe because of the war there, were going to Latin America instead. Every passenger ship that left New York for the south carried American tourists, teachers, students, and young people who wanted to know the countries and the peoples of Latin America. And Latin Americans were coming, also, to the United States instead of going to Europe. They came not only for business and pleasure, but also to study. Two highly talented Argentine girl pianists are now enrolled in New York conservatories. Doctors came to practice in American hospitals. Lawyers and librarians came to learn the latest developments in their professions.

And more and more American young people are going to Latin American colleges through student exchanges sponsored by our State Department. At the universities of Mexico and of San Marcos in Lima, Peru, many Americans are registered and have been going for years, especially in the summer. There they are making friends with Latin American professors and students. Now that our own country is in the war and has as allies many Latin American countries, there inevitably will be restrictions on travel between the two continents, but the young people of the United States and Latin America have already begun to know and appreciate each other.

Yes, Americans have done a lot for their Southern neighbors besides selling them things. And Americans have made friends, thousands of them, in Latin America. For when two different peoples stop being strangers and try to understand each other, as is now happening, it does not make much difference that they do not all speak the same language. A friendly handshake speaks from the heart and is understood everywhere.

ACCENT ON THE AMERICAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Encampment which the Girl Scouts of the United States sponsored through their Juliette Low Memorial Fund, was, in short, a great success. And it was first class fun.

Opening on August eleventh, the Encampment continued, through weather almost as varied as the campers' accents, until August twenty-fifth. In these two short weeks the girls shared camp kapers, overnight hikes, concerts at Tanglewood, and a variety of adventures and experiences. They cooked special dishes for one another; swapped everything from the uniforms they stood in to souvenirs of their home towns; went swimming, canoeing, and horseback riding; held Scout's Own services in the woods; entertained the Springfield Girl Scouts who had given up their camp to this special group of Western Hemisphere campers; and were visited by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, our first lady. As Clara from Brazil remarked, "The weeks went—pouff!"

Mrs. Roosevelt summed up clearly what the girls found out for themselves during the Encampment, when she said to them, "To know young people of other nationalities is to find out that it isn't the nationality that matters. It is always the individual. It is not

people's race, or creed, or color that counts. It is the qualities they have inside them."

The Encampment didn't happen overnight—there had been long months of preparation. Girl Scouts in every part of the United States were the first on the job, for they gave the pennies which made up the Juliette Low Memorial Fund. Then part of this fund was allocated to help pay the expenses of one delegate from each Western Hemisphere country in which Girl Scouts or Girl Guides have been organized. The Girl Scout International Committee performed prodigious feats of correspondence, making arrangements for the foreign delegates' transportation to New York City. It is no small thing to bring a group of girls together from far-off places like Argentina and Newfoundland, to say nothing of nearer points with, perhaps, less frequent visits from passenger ships. But on the great day of the camp opening, schedules clicked perfectly and girls from all corners of the Western Hemisphere were on hand.

On the Hostess Council of Springfield, Massachusetts fell the major burden of the Encampment's myriad details. Members' activities varied from making arrangements to transport delegates and visitors over thirty-five miles of mountain roads to Camp Bonnie

(Continued on page 45)



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WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?



This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City

—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

AMERICANS ALL. An excellent short which gives a comprehensive outline of the major differences in development of North and South America, and suggests convincingly that the fusing of the two cultures would be greatly to the advantage of both. Julian Bryan took the pictures and speaks the very fine commentary. The film is addressed to young people as being the ones who will bring about this happy welding of the Western Hemisphere. It is available on 16 mm. film and will be sent to church, school, and other groups for payment of transportation charges only. (Office of Inter-American Affairs, Motion Picture Division, 444 Madison Avenue, New York City)

REMEMBER THE DAY. Claudette Colbert and John Payne play with the utmost charm the romance of an English teacher and athletic coach in a small town school, back in the leisurely days preceding World War I. Both have caught the quality of innocence which most of us, looking back to the America of annual "trips abroad," imported culture, and unawakened strength, recognize as authentic. The story is simple but unusual, since it is told partly from the point of view of a favorite pupil of both teachers, who unwittingly decides their destiny. Douglas Croft and Ann Todd are fine as the youngsters. (Fox)

VANISHING VIRGINIAN, THE. We've had many exposés of the lovable tyrants whose energy and stanch principles were the backbone of the era we are leaving behind us, but those written by sons or daughters of the characters are the best since they have the humorous "life-with-father" slant. Rebecca Yancey Williams in *The Vanishing Virginian* wrote with rare humor and understanding of her father, Colonel Robert Yancey (Frank Morgan), and the film has caught the flavor of family life in the days just before World War I. We can't imagine a pleasanter experience than going with your family to see it with Mother pointing out, "I looked just like that in my graduation dress" and Father chiming in, "And that's just how important I felt when I first got my hands on the wheels of an automobile." The fine, gallant relationship between the mother and father; the friendship of the family for its Negro helpers based on mutual respect; the well-meaning efforts of the Colonel to arrange his children's lives; and their ability, having inherited his strong individualism, to circumvent his edicts—all these are the true stuff of American family life. Spring Byington is splendid as the mother, seemingly engrossed in her genealogy researches, but well aware of the personal needs of each member of her family and not above a twinge of jealousy when her husband's old sweetheart comes to town. Kathryn Grayson sings beautifully as Rebecca (who has to study painting instead of music because her father has picked her out as the artist of the family). The Colonel's devotion to his civic duty is one of the many inspiring elements of this very human film. (MGM)

Good

BOMBAY CLIPPER. Murder on a clipper ship, sinister passengers, and stolen diamonds provide work for William Gargan, detective, and suspense for the audience in this exciting mystery. (Univ.)

BUGLE SOUNDS, THE. Wallace Beery has a really sympathetic rôle as an old-time sergeant of the U. S. Cavalry who isn't happy over having the division mechanized. When his horse is killed by a tank which gets out of control, he goes berserk. But there's method in his madness when evidence points to saboteurs having tampered with the tanks. (MGM)

CONFESSIONS OF BOSTON BLACKIE. Chester Morris again plays Blackie, the debonair reformed thief who helps the police find murderers while dodging the law's suspicions. A mysterious art forgery adds interest. (Col.)

DR. KILDARE'S VICTORY. This film bridges the tragedy in Dr. Kildare's (Lew Ayres) private life depicted in the film which preceded this in the series. The "victory" seems to be over red tape in hospital admissions. (MGM)



A SCENE FROM "THE VANISHING VIRGINIAN" IN WHICH FRANK MORGAN STARS WITH SPRING BYINGTON. AT LEFT: CLAUDETTE COLBERT AND DOUGLAS CROFT IN "REMEMBER THE DAY." TWO PICTURES RECOMMENDED FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY



In this picture he saves a dam for his home town. (Rep.)

RIDING THE WIND. Tim Holt fights a water hoarder by getting windmills built to pump water from wells. Tim uses fists and guns when reasoning fails, so action fans will get their money's worth. (RKO)

ROAD TO HAPPINESS. John Boles, returning from study in Europe, finds that his wife has divorced him. He gains custody of his son, Billy Lee, and the struggles and sacrifices of the two whose happiness is in being together make a heart-warming story. Excellent performances and Boles's singing of popular favorites add to the interest. (Mono.)

SHIPS WITH WINGS. Scenes of naval flying actually shot aboard the aircraft carrier *Ark Royal* give this film a brilliant timeliness. Slight romance. (U. A.)

WILD BILL HICKOK RIDES. When the Chicago fire destroys their property, Constance Bennett and Warren William go West. There they have a run-in with Wild Bill (Bruce Cabot) who is looking after his young ward, Betty Brewer. By the time the picture ends you will be exhausted by the riding, shooting, and melodramatics, but if you like action films, you wouldn't want it any other way. (Warners)

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW. Jimmy Durante and Phil Silvers are wonderful clowns in a slapstick version of Army life. Much foolery topped by their rescue (by tanks) of the colonel's house which they had previously moved to the edge of a cliff. (Warners)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

**AMERICANS ALL
VANISHING VIRGINIAN, THE**

Good

**DR. KILDARE'S VICTORY
HELLZAPOPPIN
LAND, THE
MELODY LANE
RED RIVER VALLEY
RIDING THE WIND
YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW**

HELLZAPOPPIN. It's grand to be able to report wholesome entertainment in this completely mad film which might so easily have resorted to vulgarity, but didn't. Olsen and Johnson are amusing but have the good judgment not to take too much space for their own brand of comedy, allowing plenty of opportunity for tricks on the audience and the antics of Martha Raye, Mischa Auer, and other comics. (Univ.)

LAND, THE. Directed by Robert Flaherty, this documentary film states the problems facing all who work on the land and then suggests remedies. Beautifully photographed, it surveys our country to find the effect of the machine on the land. Well worth seeing. (U. S. Dept. of Agriculture)

MELODY LANE. Leon Errol as a meddlesome radio sponsor, annoys the Merry Macs and is charged with kidnapping Baby Sandy in this tune-fest musical. (Univ.)

MR. AND MRS. NORTH. Gracie Allen stumbles in and out of a murder mystery in this amusing film version of the play made by Owen Davis from the stories of Richard and Frances Lockridge. The acting triumph, however, is scored by William Post, Jr., who, as Gracie's long-suffering but still devoted husband, brings reality to a rôle written in terms of a stooge only. (MGM)

PACIFIC BLACKOUT. On the way to the Death House a young inventor, (Robert Preston) wrongly convicted of murder, escapes during a trial blackout and gets evidence which not only clears himself, but saves a defense industry from bombing with the live bombs spies have substituted for the make-believe ones provided for the simulated air raid. (Para.)

PARIS CALLING. Adventure in Paris during the early days of the German occupation, with Elizabeth Bergner giving a lovely, restrained performance as a wealthy Parisienne who joins an underground organization and, in carrying out espionage, kills her former fiancé, a fascist sympathizer. Randolph Scott is the American ace who rescues her. (Univ.)

RED RIVER VALLEY. Roy Rogers is inching up to top popularity in his gallant cowboy rôle.

For description of the Eight-to-Twelve films look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

MISS GOOD NEIGHBOR IN PERSON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

a more than usually violent series of jolts, the car stopped dead in front of a rock cascade "fit only for a goat chariot" in Janet's judgment.

Jane groaned. "The guidebook says we can drive to San Nicolas, but I guess the writer of it never went there—or else the road has gone to pieces since. Anyhow," she tucked a small red book into her pocket, locked the car, and started forth on foot. "I'm not going to ruin my tires on these rocks. It can't be so awfully far, and you're just spoiling for exercise."

Janet was happily hopping up the rocks. Once they got over the shallow crest of the rise they could see the church of San Nicolas far ahead of them, looking, in the crystal air, like a pink baby nestling in the mountain's lap. It was fine walking weather, with strange maguay and prickly pear to be examined, friendly burros to be talked to, and once in a while a Mexican farmer who flashed a brilliant smile as Jane gave him a polite "Good afternoon" in Spanish. The road was still paved in stretches with those same small round stones they had noted earlier, but now they could see something they had missed before—that everywhere were scattered small shards of brown pottery, like the kind sold in the street market back in Texcoco.

"It looks as though all the pots and jars in the country had been brought here and smashed on this very road," Janet held up a fragment that still carried a trace of fine design on its polished surface.

"Perhaps that's one more proof of how old the road is," Jane agreed. "Maybe this is the very pavement Nezahualcoyotl had laid down in order to be carried in a litter—they didn't have any carriages, you know, because they hadn't invented the wheel—from his capital, Texcoco, to his summer palace on the mountain at Tezcutzinco. And, if it is, then hundreds of generations of Mexican women have walked up and down this road, carrying jars of water, meal, oil, and cooking pots, and breaking them here in one accident or another. Goodness, it certainly makes America feel a lot older than Plymouth Rock."

Janet nodded excitedly. "Wait till I tell my history teacher. But look, Jane, are we there?"

They stopped at the side door of the pink church, part of which was used on week days as a school. There a young man, sweeping off the step, nodded vigorously when Jane asked what Janet was beginning to recognize as the usual question about those baths.

"Los baños—pues sí, Señorita; Allí, arriba," he waved a generous arm at the hill standing straight and steep in front of them. They had only to follow the path, which led straight ahead.

"Straight, my eye!" Janet panted after they had topped the first twisting rise. "About as straight as the left hind leg of that burro over there. Look, Jane, one path goes to the left, and one goes right, and the straight one ahead goes to someone's back yard. What do you suppose we do next?"

"Ask!" Jane was having trouble with her breath. "Only whatever it is, we do it slower. This makes me feel a hundred and ten years old myself. I never get out of breath on hills." She was gathering force enough for indignation. "If you weren't panting, too, I'd think

it was time to stay home the rest of my days."

"It's that seven thousand feet you were talking about yesterday," Janet comforted her. "Look what's coming—they look nice. Do you suppose they know where Nez-what's-his-name's bath is?"

The two children who stood in front of them had dropped out of the swelling cactus bush, or so it seemed. The little girl was a couple of years younger than Janet, but her long black braids were wrapped neatly around her head in a grown-up fashion, and the long apron she wore over her cotton dress gave her the look of a miniature housewife. Her smaller brother was dressed in blue denim overalls, so much too big for him that he kept giving them a quick hitch before they slipped far enough to trip him. Neither child wore shoes or stockings, but they ran gayly over rocks where Janet's stout leather soles slipped and slid.

They were, they informed Jane, and Jane told Janet, "Anita and Isidro Reyes, at your service, Señoritas." They lived here on this hill, in the house of their father "which is at your disposition," and where their grandfathers had always lived. They would be delighted to lead the Señoritas to the baths of Nezahualcoyotl.

Janet, when her aunt had translated this conversation, had her exciting idea. "It's a king's bath we are going to see, isn't it?" she remarked sagely. "And Anita said her ancestors had lived right here for ages. Maybe they were princes who served King Nez-what's-his-name—and maybe Anita is really an Aztec princess."

The children bounded ahead, as gay as the black puppy scampering at their heels, and niece and aunt panted after them up a hill that Janet declared "made the pyramids look flat as pancakes." The path was stony, and though the hill had been terraced, that was a long while ago and the smooth outlines had broken until it was hard to tell which was terrace and which the original shape. Everywhere, remains of carefully laid paths crossed and recrossed. The children babbled happily to Jane, and to each other, about the donkeys that talked back and forth from one hill to the other, about the prickly pears which they called "tunas," now ripe and sweet when once you laid back their prickly skin, about the puppy and the flowers, and all that had to do with that sunny day.

But "gracias, muchas gracias" was as far as Janet's Spanish went, and though she ached to say more, the unknown words would not rally to her tongue. The children brought her wild dahlias, both red and lavender, and other flowers whose names she did not know. They invited her by gestures to climb this crag, or venture out onto that promontory, but without language to tell what fun it was, what was the use? What she wanted more than anything else was to talk with these delightful young Mexicans herself, to hear with her own ears what they did in the school at the foot of the hill, and to compare the games they played, the books they read, with those she was accustomed to at home.

At last they came out onto a fairly level stretch that led them around the edge of the hill until an entirely new valley opened before them, a terraced valley whose orchards and cornfields, cactus hedges, and stone-walled gardens stretched away to the misty horizon where the old salt lake melted into the edge

(Continued on page 45)



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GIRL SCOUTING

PAMPLIN, VIRGINIA: About four or five years ago *THE AMERICAN GIRL* was given me. We have had it in our home ever since and I have enjoyed reading it. The articles on different vocations are very good. My favorite stories are about Midge and Bushy.

My hobby is collecting copies of famous paintings, so you see that I am very interested in *The American Painters* series. In many cases, if you know something of the life of the artist, you appreciate his painting more.

I am sorry to say that I am not a member of a Girl Scout troop, because there is no organization of this kind near by and not enough girls to start one. But from this magazine I have learned what a great work the Girl Scout organization does. May it continue for many years to come!

Barbara Hix

SCRAPBOOKS

FREMONT, NORTH CAROLINA: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years now and I enjoy it very much.

I am thirteen, a freshman in high school, and I find *THE AMERICAN GIRL* very helpful to me in my subjects. Last year I had to make a scrapbook on Africa. About the first place I went to was *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I found some good information in it. I made an A on the book.

This year I had to make a scrapbook in Home Ec. I went to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* this time also, and I found lots of information the other girls didn't have. I made "Excellent" on that unit. Because of that, I love *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

I would like to be a Girl Scout, but we don't have a troop out here in the country. I wish we did.

Marianna Morris

LIBRARY WORK

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA: I have been a constant reader of this grand magazine for almost five years now. The first time I ever heard of it was when I won a year's subscription as a prize in a contest my troop had. After receiving my first copy I hoped never to be without it to read. Now each month I wait very anxiously for my next issue to come. The articles have been of great assistance to me in my proficiency badge work and have proved a great help in school, also.

I am sixteen and a junior in high school—with the ambition of some day being a chil-

dren's librarian, for I have always been interested in books and would like sometime to write a book for children. The thing I enjoy most in school is working in the Lowell High School library after school. Here I believe I am getting a foundation in library work which will be useful to me in the future.

Coming back to the magazine, I would like to say that I have a favorite character who is a typical American girl in my estimation—Lucy Ellen! (But with Midge and Adele running a close second.) As the nicest of presents, on my birthday last December, my father gave me a two-year subscription to this publication.

Gloria Ellen Blanco

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA: I've wanted to write you for a long time, but it seems that every time I'd start, something would come up, and so I'd "put it off 'til to-morrow." But now, while I've plenty of time and nothing to do with it (except roll up my hair and practice my music lesson) I'll just get down to business. (I'm using the hunt-and-peck method on the typewriter, which accounts for the many mistakes.)

I've taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for three years and have a new subscription that will hold out for two more years. It is my favorite girls' magazine, and I think the Lucy-Allen stories the best of the whole caboodle. Let's have more of the ones about her college life, please.

Now about some of my hobbies. I love to swim, ride horseback, sing, and play the piano. I am thirteen years, seven months old; am a freshman in Senior High, and am studying Math, English, Science, and Latin.

Nancy Robinson

FROM A GIRL SCOUT LEADER

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA: My subscription began in October 1931, and has run without a break. In the summer of that year I first heard of Girl Scouting, and in the fall I started the first troop in San Jose, and have had one for ten years. I've seen Scouting develop from a lone troop to a community affair with some twenty-five registered groups, a summer camp, and an excellent council.

I take *THE AMERICAN GIRL* because I'm always looking for stories to tell children, for handcraft suggestions, Scouting news, and reviews of new books for girls. I find them all in the magazine. It has kept up a high standard over these many years, and I'm proud of

it. I gave all my file of ten complete years to our Scout Camp for a binding project.

Edith Ballinger Price's stories are all so worth while. She has such a happy way of putting ideals before young people without moralizing. All the stories are well written, for that matter, and give young people the thrill they delight in, with none of the horrors of cheap literature. Thanks to the editors for that!

Personally, I would like to see a few more of the idealistic type, such as are found in the two published volumes of stories; also biographies of people who have won through struggle. I know you do publish some, but I'd like a few more.

It is always a pleasure to find so many articles of an instructive nature, along with the stories. The vocational series has been splendid.

It seems to me that a ten-year acquaintance must prove for itself that I like *THE AMERICAN GIRL* very well. Oh, yes, I wish we might have more of what girls in other countries are doing! The letters from British school girls were fun.

Marjorie Moltzen

CHARACTER DOLLS

SULLIVAN, WISCONSIN: I have read *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for five years and have always enjoyed it, particularly its helpful articles on hobbies, art, drama, speech-making, and the like.

I am fifteen years old, and a sophomore at the Sullivan State Graded School here in Sullivan, Wisconsin. I am very much interested in dramatics—in fact, I am going into dramatics for my life work.

Among my many hobbies I enjoy making papier-mâché dolls best. At present I am making five of them and am dressing them in historical costume.

Nola Smith

MARILYN SAVES HER MAGAZINES

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for about a year and I enjoy it immensely. My favorite characters are Lucy Ellen and Midge. I think the new serial *Sky Rabbits* is simply swell.

My sister Barbara is only eight years old, but she tries to read *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, too. Her favorites are *Laugh and Grow Scout* and stories about Lucy Ellen. I am saving all the issues so when she is older she can read them, too.

Marilyn Stanger

Do you want to be a Girl Scout? If so write to Girl Scouts Inc., attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York City

MISS GOOD NEIGHBOR IN PERSON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

of the sky. And then, for the first time, they began to find those Aztec remains for which they had come so steep a way. It was Jane, more experienced in what to look for, who found the first trace—a long right-angled cut in the rock at the inner edge of the road, which neither rain nor frost had made. Then more and more traces cut by primitive chisels in the patient hands of men. And finally Isidro, far ahead of them, gave a leap out on the edge of a promontory and shouted "El baño del rey!" (The king's bath.)

It was—and what a king's bath! A circular bath cut into the rock at the edge of the hill, with steps leading into it, water channels in and out, steps leading away from it straight down the face of the cliff toward the valley far below.

"Nez-what's-his-name must have been a pretty small king," Janet objected, stepping down the first step that led into the rock tub and measuring her size against it.

"But what a sense of drama, to have his bath cut on the edge of the world like this!" Jane was building up the pageant in her mind's eye. "Can't you see that copper-colored Aztec monarch, lord of all he looked at, coming around the hill in procession with his nobles and his pages, stopping here to shed his brilliant feather robes and his golden ornaments, and making a spectacle of his bath for the whole valley to see? Being a Knight of the Bath at the court of Nezahualcoyotl would certainly be something."

"But do you *really* think it was a bath for a king, and not just a garden reservoir?" Janet was thinking of her big white tub at home, where she could lie out at full length and soak in the warm and soapy water.

Jane laughed, and pulled the small red book from her pocket. "I'm glad to see you

such a skeptic about archaeological remains," she approved her niece. "People who aren't accept all sorts of foolish tales, and it's only by doubting and testing that we really learn. I'm taking Prescott's word for it, and he based what he says about this place on the tales of Spaniards, who came in with Cortez not so long after Nezahualcoyotl had died and while the summer palace still existed. He says," she read aloud from the book, "In the depths of this fragrant wilderness, marble porticoes and pavilions were erected, and baths excavated in the solid porphyry. The visitor descended by steps cut in the living stone and polished so bright as to reflect like mirrors. Well, five hundred years of rain, wind, and neglect have destroyed the polish, but here is a bath cut in the living stone and here are the steps."

For a moment they sat in silence, while Janet struggled with the queer feeling that a whole great gulf of time she had never thought about was opening dimly underneath her feet. Then she realized that six-year-old Isidro was tugging at Jane's sleeve and saying something soft and wistful in his gentle Spanish.

"He wants to know what the book says," Jane reported. "That'll tax the Señorita's Spanish. It serves me right for showing off." This left Janet giggling, as her favorite aunt stumbled through a style of speech far more formal than any usually demanded of her.

"I'm going to get that language, if I have to work a whole year," Janet vowed to herself as she listened to syllables already growing oddly familiar. "And then I'm coming back and see Anita again, and find out if she really might be an Aztec princess. That time it'll be me that does the talking—and no translator, not even Jane. 'Miss Good Neighbor in Person,' that's what I'm going to be." She gave a little bounce on the hard rock seat. "Just wait till I tell the girls back home!"

ACCENT ON THE AMERICAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

Brae, to accumulating food supplies calculated to meet the demands of an international group of cooks, eager to show their fellow campers how people eat back home. The camp's daily program and many special events were planned in advance and carried on under the direction of Mrs. Garry De N. Hough, Commissioner of the Springfield Girl Scout Council, and Miss Dorothy Royce, camp director.

The Girl Scouts from the United States paid their own expenses at the Encampment, or were sent by their Girl Scout Councils or troops. They arrived at Bonnie Brae by car, train, and bus, some coming from as far off as Hollywood, California, and others from just around the corner in New England.

In addition to having an opportunity to get acquainted with each other, the Encampment delegates met a number of distinguished guests. Mrs. Arethusa F. G. Leigh-White of London, director of the World Bureau of Girl Scouts and Girl Guides, spent the entire two weeks at camp. In that time she became acquainted with practically every one of the one hundred and sixty campers. She also organized a number of informal discussion sessions, at which serious consideration was given

to the part which Girl Scouts can play in the world to-day.

In case you have been worrying about Irma from Argentina, whose English was so limited, the Encampment guests included Miss Elisa Colberg, Insular Director of Girl Scouting in Puerto Rico, who acted as official interpreter for her, and for one or two others whose syntax was apt to give way under the strain of everyday usage. The girls also had the fun of seeing a book in the making, for Miss Eleanor Thomas, author of "Becky and Tatters," a popular book about Brownies, spent more than a week at the Encampment, talking to the delegates, watching what went on, and making notes for a book for girls based upon what she saw and heard there.

Another visitor was Mrs. John Corbett of Kingston, Ontario, a member of the World Committee of the Girl Guide and Girl Scout Association and chairman of the new Western Hemisphere Center Committee. Mrs. E. Swift Newton, chairman of the Girl Scout International Committee, and Mrs. Arthur O. Choate, chairman of the Juliette Low Memorial Fund Committee, were also present. Miss Beatrice Winslow of the Council of National Defense, and Miss Graciela Mandujano of Chile who was in the United States on a good-will tour sponsored by the National Federation of Business and Professional Women, thought the



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Encampment of sufficient importance to visit it and talk with the girls. Mrs. Roosevelt was, of course, the Encampment's star guest. She spent several hours visiting the units, chatting informally, and examining exhibits. After luncheon with the girls, she made a formal speech and later made a nationwide broadcast with the delegates.

Many who could not visit the Encampment sent messages of congratulation and approval. Among these were Secretary of State Cordell Hull, Lady Baden-Powell, and Nelson Rockefeller, director of the Office of Inter-American Affairs. In fact, the campers felt very important indeed to have elicited the attention and interest of so many illustrious people. And they took their obligations as representatives of fifteen countries very seriously. After they had talked things over together, both in group meetings and in informal chats over the dish pan, these were some of the things the girls suggested for the betterment of inter-American relations:

1. That more such Encampments be held so that many more girls could have the privilege and opportunity of meeting their neighbors.

2. That even when the wars of Europe are over and the Girl Scout and Girl Guide inter-

national meetings can be resumed at Adelboden, Switzerland, special encampments for the girls of the Western Hemisphere be continued.

They were sure that Girl Scouting can be a vital force in the world for spreading the ideals and practices of democracy, especially in the reconstruction period after the war. They said, too, that Scouting is valuable because it forms a common bond of interests and experiences with girls of other nations. Girl Scouts and Girl Guides share the same beliefs, promises, and activities and have much the same songs, ceremonies, and traditions.

The girls from the United States were unanimous in praising the poise, carriage, and speech of their foreign guests. They were lost in admiration for the skill with which some of the "Golondrinas" used two or three languages without turning a hair. Most of the Girl Scouts of this country went home vowing to apply themselves heartily to their Spanish grammars, so that they, too, could speak the tongue of their neighbors. A number of ambitious souls added Portuguese to their proposed study of Latin tongues, so that they would be thoroughly equipped to visit Brazil!

As for the girls from countries north and

south of the United States, the things which impressed them about their Girl Scout hostesses were their skill in sports, their breezy friendliness, and their happy, hopeful outlook on life. In short, they all liked each other and found differences to admire and emulate, as well as dozens of basic similarities. They were all Americans together.

The campers came from so wide a variety of States, territories and countries, towns, cities, and rural communities that the only way to give a picture of the scope of representation at the Encampment is to list them. Guests, or "Golondrinas" from outside the borders of the United States, came from Argentina, Barbados, Bermuda, Brazil, British Guiana, British Honduras, Canada, Cuba, Guatemala, Jamaica, Mexico, Newfoundland, Puerto Rico, Trinidad, the Virgin Islands, and the Canal Zone. The Girl Scout hostesses hailed from the following States: Arkansas, California, Connecticut, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, and Wisconsin.

A GIRL'S LETTER TO GEORGE WASHINGTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

In her heart Mercy thought it a lovely miracle that President Washington had come to them—right past the finer Uxbridge Tavern. He must have chosen to stop with them, she thought; and it was just as well she did not know that it was quite by accident that he had come. We know this from Washington's diary, for on that Friday, the sixth of November, 1789, he tells us that he breakfasted at Sherbourne, thence going on to Uxbridge, (Massachusetts), where "we lodged at one Taft's, a mile beyond, having traveled that day thirty-six miles."

After describing the country, he continues, "the house in Uxbridge had a good external appearance (for a tavern), but the owner of it being from home and the wife sick, we could not gain admittance; which was the reason of my coming on to Taft's where, though the people were obliging, the entertainment was not very inviting."

Perhaps there were too many children to keep the place as neat as Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Taft would have liked. Perhaps, with such a family, the food was of necessity long in quantity and short in quality, but in all New England there could be no tavern, however tidy, with such welcoming hearts as these. For here the name of Washington had long been a household word. After the soldier brother Frederick's return from the war, one small new brother had been named George, in honor of the great General himself. And another had been called Dandridge, to honor the maiden name of Mrs. Washington.

Polly and Mercy were allowed to wait at table that evening, in their best flowered dresses and aprons. Their brothers were pressed into service to tend the fires, to serve the servants, and polish the boots.

At last it was all over. The President retired to his room, the tired men to theirs. The children were all tucked in. Mercy hugged Polly, and Polly hugged Mercy. They both agreed that it was wonderful to have beneath their roof the greatest man in their whole world.

The guests were stirring in the morning almost before the tired family. They could not stop for breakfast, but must ride on several miles for that meal, Major Jackson explained. And though Papa Taft firmly refused to take payment for the honor of entertaining the President, Washington himself would not hear of that, and left a generous recompense. The boys groomed and harnessed the horses. The carpetbags were carried down and deposited in the luggage van. The President nodded, smiled, and stooped low to enter his carriage. The horses pranced off, *klop-pety klop*, in the mud of the turnpike that ran from Boston to Hartford.

Mercy, Polly, and the other children were left waving after the vanishing coach. Perhaps some of them ran straight off to the village of Uxbridge to spread the tidings. "Guess who stopped the night at our house? You give up? General President George Washington himself—and his secretary, and his aide, and his six liveried servants!"

We know, as they could not, where Washington went from Samuel Taft's tavern, because we have his diary to tell us. From it we learn that he went on out of Massachusetts into Connecticut; that on the eighth of November he stopped at Ashford because, as he explains, "It being contrary to law and disagreeable to the People of the State to travel on the Sabbath day—and my horses, after passing through such intolerable roads, wanting rest, I stayed at Perkins' tavern (which, by the bye, is not a good one) all day—and a meeting-house (Congregational) being within a few rods of the door, I attended morning and evening service, and heard very lame discourses from a Mr. Pond."

And so on to Hartford, where Washington visited the woolen mills, did some shopping, and dispatched a remarkable letter to Mr. Taft of Uxbridge, his late tavern-host, father of Mercy and Polly and all the others.

Here is the letter:

"November 8, 1789.

"Sir—Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons, and called another after Mrs. Washington's

family, and being moreover very much pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Patty and Polly, I do for these reasons send each of these girls a piece of chintz; and to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington (her nickname was Patty for Martha), and who waited more upon us than Polly did, I send five guineas, with which she may buy herself any little ornaments she may want, or she may dispose of them in any other manner more agreeable to herself. As I do not give these things with a view to have it talked of, or even to its being known, the less there is said about the matter the better you will please me; but that I may be sure the chintz and money have got safe to hand, let Patty, who I dare say is equal to it, write me a line informing me thereof, directed to 'The President of the United States at New York.' I wish you and your family well, and am your humble servant,

"G. Washington"

Did Mercy reply? She surely did, though not until after Christmas, for evidently the President arranged that she was to receive her gift on that happy day. It is her letter that lies in the vault among important papers. It is dated "*Uxbridge, December 28, 1789*," and it addresses the President as if he were royalty. It is delightful to know that not only the Taft family kept the secret of the President's gift, but also the "Rev'd. Mr. Pond"—he of the "lame discourses" but of a kind heart—who rode over from Ashford to deliver it.

Mercy's letter reads:

"May it please your Highness—

"Agreeable to your commands, I with pleasure inform the President that, on the twenty-fifth inst, I received the very valuable present by the hand of the Rev'd. Mr. Pond of Ashford, you, Sir, were pleased to send me and my Sister, accompanied with a letter from your benevolent hand, of the articles mention in the letter, viz, two pieces of chintz containing thirty yards and

(Continued on page 49)

LAUGH AND GROW SCOUT

Injured

Bobby sat at his desk and stared into space. The study room teacher came up and asked, "Can't you find some work to do, Bobby?"

"Gee whiz, Miss Jones," grumbled Bobby, "do I have to find the work and do it, too?"—Sent by ADDLYN TAYLOR, Boyne City, Michigan.

Definition

A school boy, after profound thought wrote the following definition of the word, "spine," at his teacher's request—"A spine is a long, limber bone in your back. Your head sets on one end and you set on the other."—Sent by THELMA LOUISE SPEAKS, Baltimore, Maryland.

In Camp

A soldier was stopped by a sentry who cried, "Halt, who goes there?"

The man replied meekly, "A soldier and some doughnuts."

The command came back promptly, "Halt, doughnuts! Pass, soldier!"—Sent by JOYCE BRONGER, Albambra, California.

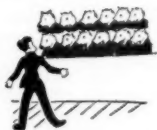


Remiss

PASSERBY (to angler): How are the fish in this stream?

ANGLER: I really don't know. I've been dropping them a line every day, but I haven't had any answer yet.—Sent by FLORENCE MAE LEE, Skyland, N. C.

The Prize-Winning Joke



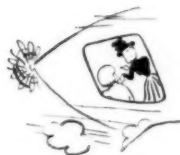
No Help at All

A young lawyer, taking his first case, had been retained by a farmer to prosecute a railway company for killing twenty-four pigs. He wished to impress the jury with the magnitude of the injury.

"Twenty-four pigs, gentlemen!" he cried. "Twenty-four—twice the number in the jury box!"—Sent by IRENE WORK, Cochran, Pennsylvania.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

by mail.—Sent by BETTY RYAN, Medora, Illinois.



Unnecessary

On a rather warm day, an old lady went up in an airplane for the first time. When the plane had been in the air some time, she pointed to the propeller.

"All right, my man," she shouted to the pilot, "you can turn the fan off now. I feel much cooler."—Sent by BETTY LENNON, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Why Not?

TEACHER: What is the plural of solo? You may answer Margaret.

MARGARET: Duet.—Sent by SHIRLEY ANN CALDWELL, Pueblo, Colorado.



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Francisco Montejó subdued them. At the time they were conquered, the Mayas had a national library of literature, science, and history.

Chichen Itza is the subject of one of the poster stamps; so is the Temple of the War-

riors in Chichen Itza. This is, perhaps, the most striking building in the whole Mayan area and derives its name from the warriors carved on the pillars and walls. The Temple of the Warriors served either as a royal reception chamber or as a court of justice.

A GIRL'S LETTER to GEORGE WASHINGTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

five Guineas, came safely to hand, well sealed.

"As it was far beyond my deserving to receive such a distinguishing mark of your approbation, so it wholly exceeded my expectation.

"And I want words to express my gratitude to you, Great Sir, for the extraordinary favor and honour conferred on me and our family, both at this time and while your Highness was pleased to honour my Papa's house with your presence. I shall endeavour to comply with your desires expressed in the letter and, as I have great reason, I shall ever esteem and revere the name of him whose noble deeds and Patriotism has laid a permanent obligation on all the Sons and Daughters of the American Empire, ever to adore their unequalled Benefactor.

"And my ardent desires are that the light of heaven's blessings may, both in this and in the future world, ever rest on the head of him who stands at the head of our United Empire. My Sister joins with me in the unfeigned acknowledgment I've made, likewise her Papa and Mama with sincere thanks and duty desire to be remembered to your Highness. I conclude,

resting assured that it's wholly unnecessary (to) appologize for the incorrectness of the above to him whose candour will palliate the want of ability and Education in her, who is unacquainted with epistolary correspondence especially with one of the first characters on the Globe, and shall take the liberty to subscribe myself, may it please your Highness,

"Your sincere and most obt

"Most humble ser't

"Mercy Taft

"G. Washington, Esq.

"Pray pardon me, sir, I mention the mistake in my name. You see, sir, it is not Patty."

How amused and pleased Washington must have been at this acknowledgment of his gift to Patty who turned out to be Mercy! And how farseeing were her young eyes! At a time when we were a new nation of a few States, united in a single constitution adopted that year of 1789, Mercy Taft saw her country a "United Empire." She could not look down the ages ahead, but she had looked upon the great first President, George Washington, and at once recognized him to be "one of the first characters on the Globe."

A Amizade MEANS FRIENDSHIP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

The young man—he seemed too old for such a toy—held it out, bulb-end toward her. "Want to try it?"

"No, thanks!" Ann looked over his gay satin shoulder into the crowd.

"And what are you doing here?" he asked.

"Looking for my friend."

"I meant in Rio. Aren't you surprised to find an American here?"

"No!" Ann grinned up at him. "After all, I'm here."

"Do you expect to meet a friend in this mob?"

"We were just separated when the policeman pushed the crowd back to let that car through."

"Your friend will be coming along in a minute. I'm from Chicago. Tom Jennings." He held out a big, friendly hand.

"And I'm Ann Gates, from New York." She darted forward as the crowd surged back into line along the march of the parade. "There's Paula—I see her!"

She waved and shouted, in the full spirit of carnival at last, and Paula yelled cheerfully back. "I thought I'd never get through!"

"This is Paula Oliveira, Tom. Tom Jennings, Paula. He comes from North America."

"So I guessed," laughed Paula, looking up at the tall Uncle Sam. As he smiled down into her deep-set brown eyes, Ann swallowed hard and thought philosophically, "Well, anyway, I saw him first." Aloud she said

blantly, "Tom's going to help us find your brothers."

"Are they lost, too? It's the first I've heard of them," said Tom.

"You're so tall," Paula told him, standing on tiptoe and peering over as many heads as she could toward the marchers beginning to move again along the Avenida, "perhaps you've seen them." She described the palm-and-orchid decorations.

Tom shook his head. "But then, of course, I didn't see every car that passed."

"What'll we do?" The little wail had come into Paula's voice again. "Wait here, or go on?"

"If they have passed, they will be mad," said Ann, getting a little impatient with all this indecision.

The three linked arms as they hurried forward whenever the crowd thinned, and Tom pushed through the massed mobs at street corners with more determination and vigor than the girls could have used. When they had passed the two clowns on stilts, Ann knew they were really moving faster than the parade; and now she saw bits of floats they had missed—a gleaming silver ball with a pretty girl on top, a grinning gargoyle with a girl seated inside his horrid jaws—always, everywhere a pretty girl to crown the artist's efforts. No wonder Paula must hurry to add herself to Henrique's decorations! Now, just ahead, the three saw a great white float bearing a throne crowned with a girl dripping plumes and bearing a pair of snowy doves on her shoulders. All along the line, as they

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The "Cavalcade" Booklet, which has been sent to all Councils, explains this radio project in detail, telling how it may best be used for local entertainment and promotion, and how it may be ordered. The rental fee is \$9 for the whole series, and further information may be obtained from the Public Relations Division at National Headquarters, Girl Scouts, Inc., 155 East 44th St., N. Y. C.

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Many readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL will welcome the opportunity, recently presented to us by Bundles for Britain, to make a homely but important contribution to the morale of British men. "Razor Blades for Britain," under the chairmanship of Lowell Thomas, is seeking to enlist the support of every man in the United States who appreciates the relationship between a clean shave and morale.

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came nearer, the crowd was applauding and shouting its approval. Tom hopped Ann up by the elbows over the heads of the crowd so she could catch a glimpse of it. Then he lifted Paula, who was smaller and lighter, still higher and held her up longer.

"I see them. Henrique! Júlio! Wait for us!" Paula screamed so shrilly that even in that bedlam of noise everyone's head turned in their direction.

"Follow me." Tom made himself a battering ram and cleared a narrow path for the girls. With a last jostling shove they were out in the Avenida. Now Júlio had heard his sister's commands in her own tongue, "to wait." A policeman came from the curb with angry looks as the car stopped, and back of it the great plumed horses dragging the white float and its dove-girl must also halt, stopping all the marchers behind.

Paula put on her most winsome smile and blinked her lashes as she explained. The policeman's gruffness softened somewhat, the crowd gave a scattering of applause as Tom helped the two girls into the rear seat. Henrique grumbled over his wheel, while Júlio demanded an instant explanation. Paula was tossing off her hat, answering her brothers in breathless words, telling Ann to take off her hat, too, and "perk up your ribbons," while she commanded Tom—protesting and trying to say "good-by" to them from the street—to "get in and stop delaying us."

The crowd looked on with admiring interest at the little drama in the middle of the street. The girls gave hasty glances at themselves in the car's rear-view mirror. The policeman was gesturing them forward, giving Henrique a sharp command. Tom got aboard, slamming the door behind him, which brought a minor cheer from the crowd.

As the car edged forward, Paula had them sitting in a row on the turned-back top of the open car, Tom representing Uncle Sam between the two girls, one so dark, the spirit of Brazil, one so blond, typifying the northern States—the three together a living symbol of hemisphere friendship. A cheer went up from the crowd that brought a smile even to Henrique's sober face, and Júlio and the policeman exchanged understanding grins. A car without a pretty girl is nothing in a carnival, while two pretty girls means success, their glances said.

All down the Avenida, while Paula and Tom were pointing out the sights—historical spots, famous statues, the loveliest of shops, the magnificent buildings, and Sugar Loaf, that great black height of rock which may be seen down almost every cross street in Rio—Ann was conscious of the eager craning of necks among the crowd, of the constant clatter of approval as they rolled by. And when they passed the judges' stand, she felt the rising excitement of the two in the front seat, of Paula and Tom, and her own hopes rose. She knew something of the thrill of an actress on the stage, and she waved to the judges as gaily as Paula did, and took the whistles and hoots of applause with graceful nods and smiles as though this were her tenth and not her first parade. No wonder Paula had said it was more fun to be in it than to watch!

After they had passed the judges' stand, Henrique said something to his sister in Portuguese. "He wants you to change places with Júlio, Ann. Do you mind?" Paula asked.

"Of course not," said Ann. Already Júlio was stepping from the front to the back seat, and giving Ann a hand so she might climb gracefully into the front beside the older brother. The Latin crowd, ever eager for ro-

mance, gave a renewed cheer, but now the car was coming out of the parade. They had reached the breaking-up place.

Ann looked at the serious-faced young man behind the wheel. What could they possibly have in common, since she knew no Portuguese? As Henrique guided the car skillfully through the jam of traffic, however, he said a few astonishing words. "I must improve my English, and I shall teach you to speak Portuguese."

Ann blinked and nodded. "I'll do everything I can."

"How do you say?" He looked bewildered. "I mean," Ann felt her face grow warm, "I shall be happy to help you improve your English and to learn Portuguese."

He nodded. "Then, shall we begin?"

IN the next three days Henrique was patient and exasperated and delighted with his student by turns. They saw more parades, by day and by brilliantly lighted nights; they went to the water carnival and swam in the waters of the lovely mountain-enclosed bay; they rode by cable car with Júlio and Paula and Tom Jennings to the top of Sugar Loaf, and looked down at the beautiful city of Rio from those amazing heights. And all the time Ann was learning Portuguese, which her teacher explained was "a little like Latin and a little like French." That helped. Henrique did not seem so quick at English—but then she was not so good a teacher as he.

The night before Ash Wednesday and the beginning of Lent, Senhór and Senhora Oliveira gave a dance in the patio for the young people. Ann met Tom Jennings as she was coming down the curving iron staircase and was able to greet him with "Good evening, Senhór Jennings, I am happy to see you again," spoken in slow, careful Portuguese.

Tom exclaimed in delighted American, "Good going, Ann," which made Henrique scowl. He wanted everyone to speak only his own tongue to Ann in his presence.

Ann said quickly, "Shall we dance, Henrique?" thinking that would make him smile again, but his frown deepened. Tom pointed across the room to an empty place on the left of Senhora Oliveira; and Paula, looking entrancing in deep rose with a gardenia tucked into her dark hair, smiled and nodded from her mother's right-hand side.

"You must sit there," Tom explained. "It is how they do it here."

All about the room, stout and placid mothers were sitting erect beside their daughters, looking very handsome and serious in their dark evening gowns; while between them their girls in bright, gay dresses, covertly watching the boys, even flirting a bit and waving to this friend or that as he crossed the room, sat beside their mothers and waited.

Not feeling too meek, Ann went to sit in her proper place. The Senhora patted her hand; her own was plump and sparkling with rings, and she said, "How pretty you are in blue!"

Ann knew the words for "pretty" and "blue" and guessed the rest; as she smiled her thanks, Henrique came forward, pulling on white kid gloves and speaking to his mother, who nodded and smiled. It was all so much more formal than at home. As Ann rose to dance with the older brother, she saw Tom speak to Senhora Oliveira and caught the flutter of Paula's lashes as she took Tom's hand.

The rhythm was strange to Ann's feet and Henrique drew her into a quiet corner so that he could show her how to do the *samba*, his national dance. When she had caught on, she

found it fun to swing about her partner, barely touching him, shrugging her shoulders and tilting her head to the swift rhythm. She learned the *rumba* and the *conga*, too, before the party was over. But when a good old-fashioned waltz began, she was glad it was Tom who asked to dance with her. All evening she had hoped he'd come, as she had seen him whirl past her with Paula, lively and chattering, on his arm; then for two dances they had gone outside. Now as Ann moved in step with Tom over the tiled floor, she asked gaily, "Having fun?"

"Some," he said.

Ann's brows rose, but she did not press for more. "When do they know about the prizes for the floats and cars and costumes of the parade?" she asked.

"Didn't you see the lists? They were in to-night's papers."

"No!" Ann came to a dead stop just beyond the fountain. "We've been so busy getting ready for the dance. Did we win?"

"I think I put the paper in my topcoat pocket. Upstairs. Shall we run up there and look at it?"

"Yes," agreed Ann. They waltzed to the foot of the stairs, then ran up to the balcony where Ann waited while Tom stepped into the men's dressing room and came back, unfolding a newspaper. By a yellow-shielded lamp he spread the sheet, ran his finger along the print. "*A amizade*," he said. "That means friendship."

"Yes?" asked Ann expectantly.

But Tom seemed to have lost interest in the paper. He ignored her question, crumpling the sheet in his hands. "I wanted to talk to you, Ann. Paula told me—" he spoke slowly—"she's to be married. They're announcing it right after Easter."

"Yes, I know. But it seems funny, doesn't it? She's just my age—or only a little older."

"Seventeen," said Tom. "And in Brazil that's not too young to be married."

Ann turned to look down on the heads of the couples whirling to their favorite tune, the prize song of the Carnival. She caught sight of Paula, gazing now with bright and languishing eyes into the smiling face of a young Brazilian.

"It's her last Carnival of fun, she told me," Tom said. "Next year she'll be a married woman."

"Yes," murmured Ann sympathetically, her hand light on Tom's arm. "I suppose to-night she's trying to snatch her entire youth in one gay evening."

With head thrown back, Henrique was mounting the stairs, curiously contemplating the two on the balcony. Ann, her attention suddenly recalled to the judges' decision on the prize-winning float, leaned over the iron grill to speak to him. "Did you know the prizes for the parade are announced?" she asked in English.

Tom translated her words and Henrique's eyes brightened as the crumpled sheets were spread under the lamp again. Tom read for Ann's benefit in English. "Although not a prize winner, the car decorated by the young artist, Henrique Oliveira, was applauded constantly along the line of march. Honorable mention for this—" Tom hesitated, choosing the proper word—"symbol of friendship between Brazil and her sister republic, the United States." He looked up at Ann, his finger indicating the phrase he had first read. "*A amizade*—that means friendship," he said again, but in a different tone—and it seemed to Ann that his words meant a lot more than friendship between two republics.

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HER name is Violet Powell and she is a young Irish sculptress. This picture shows her sitting on a lobster trap playing with a setter dog on Inishmore, one of the Aran Islands off the coast of Eire. What was she doing there? You'll discover that, when you read **SABASTINE AND MOIRETA** by Katherine Wright in the March issue. "Sabastine" is the king of the fairies and "Moireta" is of course his wife, the fairy queen. Their pictures appear with the article and fey-looking creatures they are, too, but no more fey than Dara McDara Diranne, the story-teller of the island, whose own name is like music. He was kidnapped by the fairies—that was how he persuaded the fairy king and queen to pose for him so that their likenesses might come to America with Miss Powell.

Also coming in March

JANEY AND HIPPOCRATES by Nancy Titus, in which "Yes-We-Can" Janey has a new Service-Bureau adventure and longs for the day when she can enter nurses' training. But Mac and Candy and Tad have other plans for her. You'll remember that Hippocrates was a physician in ancient Greece and is known as the "Father of Medicine."

SABU, by Laura O. Vruwink, tells about the talented young actor from India who made his first success in "Elephant Boy" and will soon appear in "The Jungle Book," based on Kipling's famous story.

SURPRISE! by Mary Avery Glen. Dilsey plans a surprise for her mother, but it boomerangs in typical Dilsey fashion.

GOOD NEIGHBORS AND OLD FRIENDS, Part Two, by Carlos J. Videla, tells of contributions in the arts, medicine, science, and industry that South America has made to North America.

CAN YOU QUALIFY AS A SKY HOSTESS? by Betty Peckham is published in response to many requests from readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for a vocational article on the glamorous career of the airline stewardess.

CREATION OF THE LAND is the first of a series of Indian legends by Julia Seton, wife of the famous naturalist, Ernest Thompson Seton. You'll find it a good story to read aloud around the camp fire.



WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

Carlos J. Videla, author of "Good Neighbors and Old Friends," (page 5) is an Argentinian by birth, a rolling stone who has gathered moss in the way of literary material all over Europe, a newspaper man by profession and an American citizen by choice. His fine articles for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* (the second to appear in March) telling of the two Americas' contributions to each other are only one of the many contributions Mr. Videla has himself made to hemisphere friendship. **Margaret Thomsen Raymond** whose story, "A Amizade Means Friendship," appears on page 8, is the author of many books for girls, among them "Sylvia, Inc." and "Aprilly Weather." She is an amateur photographer of note. **Mildred Adams**, who in private life is Mrs. W. Houston Kenyon, Jr., is well-known to the many readers of the *New York Times* as well as to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, for she has been a frequent contributor of feature articles to the *Times'* Sunday magazine. The Spanish language and Latin America have long been her enthusiasms—hence her article "Miss Good Neighbor in Person" on page 11. Mrs. Kenyon is a member of the National Board of Girl Scouts, Inc. **Nancy Titus**, author of the Yes-We-Can Janey stories ("Janey Versus the New Order" on page 14) was herself a Girl Scout in Mamaroneck, New York, only a few years ago. *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is proud to have started her on her literary career by publishing her first story, thereby stealing a march on *Cosmopolitan*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *Colliers'* in whose pages stories by Nancy Titus have subsequently and frequently appeared. **Corinne Malvern**, illustrator of "Sky Rabbits Unlimited" (page 20), was a child star in the movies when she was three years old—and probably never would have become an illustrator if a train accident, when she was ten, had not terminated her screen career. Two years on crutches—and a father who was an artist—redirected her talents, so what was the motion pictures' loss became our gain.

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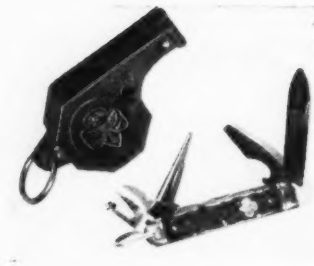
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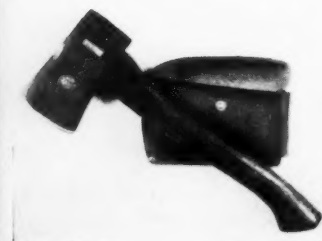
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